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*Letters on the Laws of Man's Nature and Development.* By Henry George Atkinson, F.G.S., and Harriet Martineau. Chapman.

We have read this book with mingled pain and indignation—pain at the spectacle of a once-powerful intellect becoming helpless and weak through wading beyond her depth—indignation at the display of shallowness and self-conceit received by a mesmerized woman of genius as so much profound philosophy. We are not of those who object to the institution, by earnest and capable men, of a rigid and logical inquiry into the reasons for the faith that is in us. We can sympathise with the throes of a wounded spirit tortured by unbelief, and with the doubts that thorn-like tear the mind, harassed by perplexities about the faith of its childhood. Though led by our own convictions to a creed as opposite as the poles from that of Francis Newman, we can patiently examine his arguments, and fearlessly analyse his conclusions, knowing them to be the results of earnest thought, and the man to be among our brightest, yet humblest intellects. But with flippant impiety we can hold no terms; with the inflated arrogance that would bring God and his Prophets, the faith of Bacon, and Milton, and Newton, the earnest and well-weighed convictions of many of the brightest geniuses, whose advent has been to the world as blessed sunshine, to the bar of condemnation, like so many suspected impostors and detected impositions summoned before a self-sufficient city magistrate, we can have no expression save contempt.

"An ill book well written" (we quote old Jeremy Collier) "is like poisoning a fountain that runs for ever; a man may do mischief this way, it may be, as long as the world lasts. He is a nuisance to future ages, and lays a snare for those who are yet-unborn." This is not a place for the discussion of articles of faith or principles of religion, however virulent be the assault upon them. But this is the place wherein to show how a mischievous book is unworthy of trust on account of the incapacity of its authors. It may seem strange and presumptuous in us to connect the word 'incapacity' with the name of Harriet Martineau. When admiration is warranted, she has no more sincere admirers than ourselves. We have delighted in her historical researches, in her acute analyses of human character and action, in her heartfelt endeavours for the physical good of mankind, and her never-failing sympathy with the cause of the poor and oppressed; but we have marked—without wonder, for the case is not an uncommon one—her inability to deal with scientific evidence, her bigoted credulity, and unbounded trust in the infallibility of her own judgment, and her ignorance of the methods of accurate scientific observation, research, and experiment. Her letters on Mesmerism afforded to all rigidly-reasoning men of science manifold proofs of the effeminate overcoming the masculine element of her mind. Few, very few women have ever shown the capacity to deal with physical and physiological science; and Harriet Martineau is not one of the few.

The history of these letters is this:—Miss Martineau, anxious to know, "with great particularity," how to set about the study of the powers of Man, "in order to understand his nature, place, business, and pleasure in the universe," wrote last year to her friend, Mr.

Henry George Atkinson, for the required information. A correspondence ensued, which, apparently to the lady's satisfaction, settled man and his faculties, his nature and development, theology and science, matter and causation, Christianity and miracles, dreams and ghosts, light and the laws of nature, the belief in a future state, and the existence of a God! And all in two dozen letters! The inquiries are made in familiar—strangely familiar, considering the subject—forms of speech; the responses are more dignified and oracular. The oracle speaks first, pronouncing "all the systems of the world are wrong." The questioner is "not a whit alarmed" thereat, but concludes that the oracle must "have gone a step farther than other people," and that he is "more modest than everybody." "Now, then—what is the brain?" asks Miss Martineau [we quote the question as given in the book]. Phrenology and Mesmerism furnish a satisfactory reply, eliciting, however, a supplementary question from the lady, who anxiously asks, "Why a liver disorder (in the mesmerisee) causes pain in the shoulder (in the mesmerizer)?" When Mr. Atkinson has done with the brain in general, his delighted pupil, after asking for the loan of a skull, exclaims, "Now for the cerebrum!" The oracle then pronounces his dicta upon the cerebrum, prophesying that when we shall have the brain mapped out "after the manner of a physical atlas, then we shall have a true chart of the philosophy of the mind." The senses and the nervous system next pass under a judgment, wherein the oracle mystifies us in many ways by a physiology of his own, and among other strangenesses, tattles of the "absorption of pain," and the absorption of sulphur, as similar processes. Miss Martineau inquires farther, and is told some strong "facts about the senses," chiefly derived from mesmerized patients; these facts seem to us to cut every way. The senses disposed of, the inquirer submits a string of very serious questions:—

"Pray tell me, too, whether, in this last letter, you do not, in speaking of God, use merely another name for law? We know nothing beyond law, do we? And when you speak of God as the origin of all things, what is it that you mean? Do we know anything of origin?—that it is possible? Is it conceivable to you that there was ever Nothing?—and that Something came of it? I know how we get out of our depth in speaking of these things; but I should like to be aware where, exactly, you think our knowledge stops."

The oracle replies as well as his "poor thoughts will aid" him, assuring his disciple that "all theologies will be found to be the offspring principally of abnormal conditions of disease"—that "philosophy finds no God in nature, and sees no want of a Creator"—that "prophecy, clairvoyance, healing by touch, visions, dreams, revelations, and the delusion of believing themselves divinely inspired, are now known to be simple matters in nature, which may be induced at will, and experimented upon at our firesides, here in London—climate and other circumstances permitting—as well as in the holy land"—that (strangely misunderstanding the natural history of the matter) Mr. Crosse's acari are the fruit "of the noblest experiments of the age"—that "the desire of a future existence is merely a pampered habit of mind, founded upon the instinct of preservation." The wondrous flippancy and folly of this portion of the book, to say nothing of the impiety of these "poor thoughts" of Mr. Atkinson, astounded us. With Miss Martineau the im-

pression produced was different. "I am glad," she replies, "I asked you in what sense you used the words 'God,' 'Origin,' &c., for your reply comes to me like a piece of refreshing sympathy—as rare as it is refreshing." The oracle speaks again, and pronounces against Christianity. "Strange as it may appear," says Mr. Atkinson, "and impossible as it may seem to so many, the Christian religion is, in fact, and will soon be generally recognised as no better than an old wife's fable"! Shortly after, a gleam of truth breaks out; the oracle (not Miss Martineau) exclaims, "I am running on like an old gossip." The lady puts fresh questions—about the connexion of light and sight, &c.; and "also about how you conceive we may set to work to imagine the manner of the fact that we know to be fact,—that dying people impress others at a distance with a knowledge, by sensation, that the process of death is taking place?" The oracle wishes he could give a satisfactory reply to her questions respecting the nature of light, expresses sorrow that Reichenbach has not appreciated the facts of phrenology, declares that "clairvoyance or prophecy is no greater step from our ordinary condition than seeing would be to a blind person," and replies to the inquiry relating to dying persons; of which reply the following fragment may serve as a specimen:—

"To estimate properly the effects of persons dying, we require more correct data as to time and circumstance; and it is difficult to attain this. But of the existence of the fact I have evidence in the form of many good instances; and so have you: and most persons have some case of the kind to relate. When the dying person appears to another in a form, such as of a black cat, or a shadow, or as a person, it is merely an induced condition, or subjective embodiment of an impression made. How any one can conclude otherwise seems marvellous. When a man is dead, he is dead—as a magnet is dead when the magnetic force is removed. A diamond is dead when it becomes charcoal. A certain constrained force, so to speak, is released, and this it is which influences. In every change force is released, and a disturbance caused."

Miss Martineau then winds up with renewed expressions of delight and wonder, and thanks Mr. Atkinson for the indications he has given "of the immediate nature and immeasurable extent of our ignorance." The oracle has the last word, congratulating himself indirectly upon being foremost among truth-seekers, and expressing his kindly pity for the errors of good and respectable people. And for such babbling as this, Miss Martineau gives up all faith in Christianity and a future state, and abandons herself to a belief in the unbelief of Mr. Henry George Atkinson!

It is curious to find the name of Bacon taken in vain throughout these Letters, in which his method is entirely lost sight of. What would the great advocate of inductive reasoning say to the following extract from one of Miss Martineau's Letters:—

"It is really vexatious that I cannot convey to you, or any one, what I think I have reason to rely on about this;—the existence of some faculty or faculties by which things can be known or conceived of apart from all aid whatever from the senses which usually co-operate in the presentment of ideas. You know that I preserve some distinct recollections, on awaking from the mesmeric trance, of the ideas presented in that state. Well: twice at least I have perceived matters so abstract as to owe no elements whatever (as far as I could discover) to the ordinary senses. For instance—I believe there are no persons (not blind) who have any ideas whatever with which visual impressions are not more or less implicated. I have asked every-



body, for many years,—everybody whom I thought capable of the requisite consciousness and analysis; and they all tell me that there is nothing so abstract but that they entertain some image inseparably connected with the thought. The days of the week,—the virtues and vices,—numbers,—geometrical truths,—even God,—all these have some visual appearance, under which they present themselves,—be it only their printed names. I have not had the opportunity of questioning the blind (from birth) about this: but I am assured by some who have, that they have the same experience derived from the other senses than that in which they are deficient. Now, in certain depths of the mesmeric state, I have received knowledge, or formed conceptions, devoid of all perceptible intermixture with sensible impressions. Of course, I cannot explain what they were, because they could be communicated only to a person in a similar state; and not by ordinary language at all. They have since (during five years) been gathering to themselves more and more visual elements; so that the experience remains only an affair of memory. But it is one which assuredly I can never forget. There is no pleasure that I would not forego to experience it again and often;—the conscious exercise of a new faculty. I wonder whether you saw (as I did) lately, in a newspaper, an account of Wordsworth's rapture in once being able to smell a flower;—the only time in his life that the sense ever acted. I know what that is; for almost the same thing once happened to me: but it is nothing to the other experience I spoke of. The one occasions extreme and tumultuous amazement—(the first experience of a new sensation);—a sort of passionate delight, a conviction on the spot that we are only groping in a universe where we think everything ours till a new primitive sensation comes to show us how far we are from comprehending\* nature; and then presently we have had enough of it."

Whilst condemning the vague and crude speculations and sham reasonings of this book, professed to be based on mesmerism and phrenology, let it not be supposed that we are denouncing either of these pseudo-sciences. The great physiological and psychological importance of the facts—and they are many—of mesmerism, we fully appreciate, and earnestly desire for them investigation. We see no absurdity in the proposition that segments of the brain are organs of our mental and moral faculties. This confession of faith should exonerate us from the accusation of bigotry in pronouncing judgment. But the investigation of the phenomena upon which mesmerism and phrenology are based require the sternest and strictest methods, such as have certainly not been applied to them by the greater number of men who have undertaken the task, and most of whom, to use a phrenological phrase, have 'wonder' developed so as to overpower their reasoning faculties, even though some of them are men of genius, and all—at least, all we have ever known, and we are happy to say it—men of unimpeachable integrity and earnestness. This wondering condition of mind incapacitates a man for correct observation of biological, physical, or psychological phenomena. An eminent German geologist, who visited England a few years ago, said he came over to meet and scan the persons of the British authors on his favourite subject, in order to judge whose works were worth reading and whose not, and on whom he could depend. How would our professed mesmerists and phrenologists stand this test?

After all, we doubt whether the fallacies and sophisms of these Letters are likely to

\* "For Man's sense is falsely asserted to be the standard of things. On the contrary, all the perceptions, both of the sense and of the mind, bear reference to Man, and not to the universe."—*Bacon, Nov. Org., Aph. 41.*

deceive many. They are served up so repulsively, that none but weak and wandering minds are likely to suffer from their perusal. Their authors are grievously mistaken in their estimate of human nature. The belief in a God of love, the hope of a future life, of a purer and happier state, are elements of the human mind, inseparable from its healthy constitution. For our own part, we think with the illustrious Henry More, that "the generations of men shall as soon become utterly irrational as plainly irreligious."

*Dahomey and the Dahomans; being the Journals of Two Missions to the King of Dahomey, and Residence in his Capital in the years 1849 and 1850. By Frederick E. Forbes, Commander R.N. 2 vols. Longmans.*

THERE is a melancholy interest attaching to the kingdom of Dahomey. It is from this country that the slave-merchants derive their chief supply of victims for their nefarious traffic. Every year the king of Dahomey proclaims a slave-hunt, and his savage warriors pour into some unoffending African village, massacre the old and the helpless, and carry off the able-bodied inhabitants, who are sold to the slave-merchants on the coast, and shipped for South America. But although most persons in this country are familiar with the name of the Dahoman monarch as the king of the slave-trade and its merchants, we have possessed hitherto a very slight knowledge of the position of his kingdom, and of the habits, manners, and customs of his people. This deficiency is now supplied by the publication of Captain Forbes's unpretending volumes. The work makes no pretension to literary merits. It contains a faithful record of the author's personal observations during his residence in the country; and there are few persons who will not find in its pages both instruction and pleasure. It presents to the student of human nature a curious picture of ferocious barbarism united with considerable advances in civilization and refinement—to the philanthropist many suggestions for the more effectual suppression of the slave-trade—and to the Christian an extensive and hopeful field for missionary enterprise.

The commander-in-chief of the blockading squadron on the coast of Africa appointed Captain Forbes, in the autumn of 1849, to accompany the late Mr. Duncan, the enterprising African traveller, to Abomey, the capital of the kingdom of Dahomey. Mr. Duncan, as many of our readers are aware, had received the appointment of vice-consul to the kingdom of Dahomey; and as the Dahoman monarch had requested that a naval officer might accompany Mr. Duncan to his capital, it was hoped that the king might consent to a treaty for the effectual suppression of the slave-trade within his dominions. Captain Forbes landed at Whydah, the seaport of Dahomey, in October, 1849, travelled with Mr. Duncan to Abomey, had an interview with the king, and received an invitation to pay another visit to his court next year at his great festival or "Customs," when he promised to give an answer respecting the proposed treaty. Accordingly, Captain Forbes returned to Whydah in the following year, and spent more than two months at Abomey. He did not succeed in the object of his mission; but in this time he was able to obtain a considerable knowledge of the manners and customs of this extraordinary people.

The kingdom of Dahomey lies inland from

the Guinea coast, and stretches almost from the banks of the Niger to those of the Volta, the latter of which rivers divides it from the kingdom of Ashantee. It extends about 180 miles from east to west, and nearly 200 from the sea coast at Whydah to its most northerly boundary. Its very name was unknown in Europe till after the commencement of the last century, and it was not till 1724 that any intercourse appears to have taken place between the Dahomans and the Europeans. In that year the then king of Dahomey captured the chief town of the kingdom of Ardra, where he found a Mr. Lamb, the agent of the English African company. Lamb was detained in captivity for nearly three years, but was treated with extraordinary kindness by the black monarch, who had hitherto never seen a white man. It is in a letter written by Mr. Lamb to his superior, the commandant of the English fort at Whydah, that we obtain the earliest account of Dahomey. At that period Dahomey was a small state lying equidistant from the banks of the Volta and the Niger; but it has gradually increased its territories on every side till it has become the most powerful monarchy in Western Africa. It is owing to its annual slave-hunts that Dahomey has obtained this accession of territory; but revenue from the sale of slaves is the primary object of these expeditions, and "the addition of wasted countries the necessary but far from coveted consequence." The population of the country, however, is not large:—

"Owing to the ravages of its devastating wars, the population of the kingdom of Dahomey does not exceed 200,000 of both sexes; and Abomey, the capital, has not more than 30,000 inhabitants. Of the whole population not more than 20,000 are free, the remainder slaves. The regular army consists of about 12,000, and of these 5000 are amazons. When the king goes to war, he levies in all about 24,000 men, and an equal number of commissariat followers. Thus he moves on his war march with nearly 50,000 of both sexes, or one-fourth of the whole population of his kingdom. It is scarcely necessary to state that Dahomey is under a military rule and government, and has no parallel in history."

The inhabitants spend their time alternately in war and in feasting:—

"In the months of November or December the king commences his annual wars. For three successive years his people have asked him for war upon a particular place; and he marches forth concealing until within a day's march the name of the place against which he has brought them. Against the devoted city his troops march, whilst the king, nobles, and royal family remain encamped.

"Daylight is generally the time of onset, and every cunning, secrecy, and ingenuity is exercised to take the enemy by surprise. Thus at Okeadon, in 1848, one chief turned traitor, and introduced the Dahomans at daylight. They had made a feint on Abeah-Keutah, and in the night fell back upon Okeadon. On the opposite side to that attacked, ran a rapid river, and in crossing this many were drowned, and but few saved. Although there was no resistance, all the aged were decapitated on the spot, to the amount of thousands, and the strength and youth of the city sold into slavery.

"The Attahpahms, in the early part of 1849, aware of the Dahoman march, sent every article from their town, with all the aged, youths, and females. Unfortunately, the preparations of the Dahomans struck terror into the minds of the soldiers of the Attahpahms, who, knowing their fate, if conquered, excepting about 400, fled from the city. Yet these 400 resolute men kept the Dahomans in check, killed many, put the males to the rout, and had it not been for a rally of the



amazons, would have discomfited the Dahoman army. Had the Attahpahms stood, they would, with ease, have conquered the merciless invaders.

"After the destruction of a town, notice is sent to all neighbouring caboceers, or chiefs, calling upon them to swear allegiance to the conqueror. Many do so at once, and receive their original rank, with an equal, a Dahoman, to act as coadjutor: the remainder are persecuted until subjugated.

"On the return from war in January, the king resides at Cannah, and what is termed 'makes a Fetish,' i. e., sacrifices largely, and gives liberal presents to the Fetish people, and, at the same time, purchases the prisoners and heads from his soldiers: the slaves are then sold to the slave merchants, and their blood-money wasted in the ensuing Custom, Hwae-nooeewha, as the great annual feast is entitled in Dahoman parlance.

"Of these Customs, the most important is that held in March, and called the See-que-ah-hee, at which the king's wealth is profusely displayed, and of which one of the following Journals affords the first description ever given to the world. That which is held in May and June, is in honour of Trade, with music, dancing, and singing. A small schooner on wheels, laden with gifts, is then drawn round the capital, and the cargo afterwards scrambled for by the Dahoman army.

"In July, on an appointed day, the soldiers are planted along the road from Abomey to the beach at Whydah, a distance of ninety miles. At the moment when the king drinks, its announcement, by the first gun of a royal salute fired at Abomey, is carried by the musketry to Allahdah, whence the first of a salute there is conveyed similarly by sound to the beach at Whydah, intended as a salute to the Fetish of the Great Waters, or God of Foreign Trade. The boom of the first gun fired by the foreign forts at Whydah is echoed back through Allahdah to Abomey, whence another salute finishes this extraordinary Custom. August and September are occupied by preparations for war, serving out powder, balls, or gun-stones (small ironstones), and much palavar on war subjects. Before going to war the king makes a custom to the memory of his father, which generally lasts a month; and thus ends the year, keeping the nation in a fever of excitement, dancing, singing, haranguing, firing, and cutting off heads; thus demoralising more and more the natures of a people already among the most barbarous of the African nations."

The Dahomans are essentially a military nation, and their monarch must gratify their love of war, or lose his life and his throne.

"Excited by the hopes of reward, the evil passions of man are fearfully developed in Dahomey. Blood-money is the sure reward of valour, the price of blood the only fee; and it matters not if the prisoner is brought alive to the monarch, as his reeking head is almost equally valuable. Without a trophy, such as a prisoner or a head, the soldier had better have been killed; disgrace, and often condign punishment, follow to the defaulters of either sex.

"There is not a more extraordinary army in the known world than that of the military nation of Dahomey. The nucleus of the national power, the throne, is occupied at the pleasure of the militant people, who claim an annual war as a birthright. If, from want of courage, or any other insufficient reason, the monarch dares to dispute the will of his people, he, who could by serving the vitiated appetites of his soldiers have taken the lives of any, high or low, is as surely dethroned and murdered."

The army consists of females as well as males, and the amazons emulate and frequently surpass the exploits of the males.—

"It is rarely that Europeans are called upon to believe in the existence of amazons,—fighting women prepared to do battle on all around, the terror of the neighbouring tribes, dressed in the attire of male soldiers, armed with muskets and swords. These sable ladies perform prodigies of valour, and not unfrequently, by a fortunate charge, save the honour of the male soldiers, by

bearing down all before them, discovering themselves to the astonished and abashed prisoners to be women, exceeding their male coadjutors in cruelty and all the stronger passions. \* \* \*

"In speaking of the two armies, let not the sensualist imagine that a Dahoman campaign is disgraced by a freedom it would almost be natural to suppose to belong to so curiously disposed an army, half male half female. On the contrary, the latter are in charge of eunuchs, officered by their own sex, and scorn the softer allurements of their nature. To use their own words, 'they are men, not women! their nature is changed! they will conquer or die!' Such expressions could not be openly used, even as mere boasts, by women standing in a jealous position, emulating the most daring acts and achievements of man, unless fundamentally true; and with the certainty of being openly contradicted, and brought to shame, by their fellow-soldiers of the opposite sex. Such then are the amazons, in whose chastity we may believe, when we bear in mind that the extreme exercise of one passion will generally obliterate the very sense of the others. The amazons, while indulging in the excitement of the most fearful cruelties, forget the other desires of our fallen nature.

"Superstition assists in the preservation of the chastity of this most singular army. The amazons are accommodated within the precincts of the harem walls, and when abroad share the honour of royal wives. The bell announces to the traveller that he must not gaze on them; and thus they have not much opportunity of joining in conversation with the opposite sex."

The author witnessed a review of these amazons:—

"His Majesty, having asked me if I would wish to see a review of the amazons, to which I acquiesced with delight, ordered three regiments to be paraded. The ground was changed, the men falling back, and a square was marked out for the review. One regiment was distinguished by a white cap with two devices (blue alligators), another by a blue cross, while the third had a blue crown. The officers were recognised by their coral necklaces and superior dresses; while each carried a small whip, which they freely plied when required. After being inspected, they commenced an independent firing, whilst at intervals, rushing from their ranks, many of them would advance to the foot of the throne, address the king, hold aloft their muskets, and then return and fire them. During the review the ministers assembled on the left of the king. On his right were some high officers of the amazons in uniform and neat accoutrements, performing their offices about the king's person: one held a silver spittoon, another the royal hat, a third the club,—a handsome ebony stick ornamented with silver; one proclaimed the conquests of the Dahoman army, while two, as heralds, with long trumpets, blew a blast, and then blazoned forth the numerous names of Gèzo, the king of kings."

It is characteristic of this savage people, that the chief executioner holds the first rank in the kingdom, next to the monarch. The following are the principal officers of the king:—

"The actual first man in the kingdom is the miegan, who is the chief executioner; the second, the mayo or grand vizier: there is a female miegan and a mayo, who have corresponding duties in the harem. Under the monarch, each rank has four equivalents: thus the miegan and the mayo hold a balance of power; their coadjutors in the harem are also equal to them in rank. The people are divided into two parties,—the miegan's and the mayo's, the right and the left. In war, the miegan's soldiers are joined by the miegan's amazons, and thus form the right or advanced battalion."

We pass on to the customs of the court, the laws and punishments of the kingdom, and some miscellaneous topics:—

"In the royal presence no rank is free from

prostration, and the throwing dirt on the head, except white men, and a certain class of necromancers, who regulate sacrifices to divert epidemics, and other evils: these people wear hats, and only bow to the throne. The liberated Africans and returned slaves are considered as white men; and while the king's ministers are prostrate in the dust they merely bow. In the royal presence none may smoke but white men; and in the precincts of the palace, or the grand Fetish houses, none but whites may remain covered, and none may be carried or ride, or be shaded by an umbrella, unless by the king's permission. If the king's stick be shown, all bow down and kiss the dust except the bearer, who is exempt.

"In entering a town or house, the head man presents the stranger with pure water, which he first drinks himself; and this is equivalent to a promise of safety. It is customary each morning to exchange compliments with sticks or seals, or other articles of *virtù* which may be known as the individual's representative; and each stick-bearer receives a glass of rum!

"The royal wives and their slaves, I presume from the jealousy of their despotic lord, are considered too sacred for man to gaze upon; and on meeting any of these sable beauties on the road, a bell warns the wayfarer to turn off, or stand against a wall while they pass. The king has thousands of wives, the nobles hundreds, others tens; while the soldier is unable to support one. If one of the wives of the king, or a high officer's, commits adultery, the culprits are summarily beheaded; and the skull of one of the Agaou's wives is at present exposed in the square of the palace of Agrim-gomeh, in Abomey. But if adultery be committed by parties of lower rank, they are sold as slaves. If a man seduces a girl, the law obliges marriage, and the payment of eighty heads of cowries to the parent or master, on pain of becoming himself a slave. In marriage there is no ceremony, except where the king confers the wife, in which instance the maiden presents her future lord with a glass of rum.

"The laws are very strict: treason, murder, adultery, cowardice, and theft, are punishable with death. Besides the form of trial illustrated in a later portion of this Journal, the caboceers, headed by the Eeavoogan, form a court, of which the decision is subject to royal confirmation. If condemned to death, the convict is removed to the miegan's to await the king's pleasure; if to slavery, to the mayo's, for the same purpose. Any head man of a town or district can, by prostrating and kissing the ground, declare a king's court, and try a culprit; but the sentence must be put in force at Abomey, and a public erier proclaims it in the market. All rank is hereditary and primogenitive, provided the king concurs; if not, he nominates another member of the family. The succession to the throne is also primogenitive, with the concurrence of the miegan and the mayo, who otherwise discriminate between the several next heirs of the reigning family."

Of the dress and ornaments of the people, and of their houses, furniture, and food, we find the following account:—

"The dress of the soldier and amazon is a tunic, short trousers, and skull-cap, all in uniform. The general dress of the Dahomans is a small cloth round the loins, and a large country or foreign cloth, or silk, &c., thrown over the left shoulder, leaving the right arm and breast bare, and reaching to the ankles. Hats are seldom worn, shoes never; the king, however, wears sandals. The women wear a cloth reaching to the knee, fastened under their breasts, and leaving them exposed; as they advance in years their breasts hang as much as two feet long, and are truly disgusting to European eyes. According to rank and wealth, anklets and armlets of all metals, and necklaces of glass, coral, and Popoe beads, are worn by both sexes. The Popoe bead is of glass, about half an inch long, and perforated. It is dug up in a country inland of Popoe, and cannot be imitated: all attempts hitherto have been detected. Hence it is very



expensive, selling for half its weight in gold. It seems to me most probable that where they are found formerly stood a large town, destroyed by war, and that the dead (as is usual in Dahomey and neighbouring parts in the present day) having been buried with their ornaments, some chemical property, that has destroyed the remains of the inhumed, has hardened and slightly changed the appearance of the glass bead. The natives have a tradition that they are the excrement of a large serpent, or dragon, which (to account for its never being seen), if man beholds, he dies."

"Dahoman houses, from the palace to the farm, all are similar. Walls either of clay or palm branches, enclose, according to the number of inmates, courts and houses of all sizes, made of clay, and thatched with grass.

"A bamboo bedstead or a few mats, some country pots and agricultural implements, and weapons, a loom of coarse material, besides the insignia of office (if a caboceer or head man), are all the furniture. A store in each house is provided with cloths, grain, foreign goods, &c. according to the wealth of the owner. Within the enclosure are all domestic animals, and invariably a dog. The diet is simple, consisting chiefly of messes of meat and vegetable, mixed with palm oil and pepper, with which is eaten a corn cake called kankee, or a dab-a-dab. There is very little variety. A mixture of beans, peppers, and palm oil, is made into a cake, and sold to travellers; yams and cassada form the staples of food. Foreign liquors are scarce and expensive; and as palm wine is forbidden by the king, the chief drinks are a very palatable malt called pitto, and a sort of burgo called ahkah-sar. Drunkenness is not allowed; nor is there, except in Whydah, much opportunity for it. As a public example, the king kept a drunkard and fed him on rum, and exhibited him at the Customs, that his emaciated and disgusting appearance might shame his people from making beasts of themselves: this terrible example is dead."

The religion of the Dahomans resembles that of the other nations of Western Africa. The Fetish of Abomey is the leopard, that of Whydah the snake. The religion is a mystery known only to the initiated, who possess great power. Human sacrifices are common; and when a rich man dies, a boy and a girl are sacrificed to attend him in the next world.

The city of Abomey, the capital of the kingdom, is thus described:—

"Within about a quarter of a mile of the city gates, on either side of the road, under sheds, stand a couple of two-and-thirty-pounder carronades. From thence, to the very gates, the road is lined by the Fetish houses, numbering more than sixty. To the left is seen, on the outskirts of a copse, a palace, surrounded by a high red clay wall. No visitor can enter Abomey without a sensation of disappointment in the want of grandeur, and disgust at the ghastly ornaments of its gateway. The city is about eight miles in circumference, surrounded by a ditch, about five feet deep, filled with the prickly acacia, its only defence. It is entered by six gates, which are simply clay walls crossing the road, with two apertures, one reserved for the king, the other a thoroughfare for his subjects. In each aperture are two human skulls; and on the inside a pile of skulls, human, and of all the beasts of the field, even to the elephant's. Besides these six gates, the ditch, which is of an oval form, branches off, at each side the north-west gate, to the north and north-west, and over each branch is a similar gateway, for one only purpose—to mislead an enemy in a night attack. In the centre of the city are the palaces of Dange-lah-cordeh and Agrim-gomeh, adjoining; on the north stands the original palace of Dahomey; about these, and to the south gate, are houses, the most conspicuous of which are those of the ministers. In front of Agrim-gomeh is an extensive square, in which are the barracks and a high shed or palaver house, a saluting battery of fifteen guns, and a stagnant pond. Just inside the south-east gate (the Cannah) are a saluting battery

and pond, and numerous blacksmiths' shops. The roads or streets are in good order; and, though there are not any shops, the want of them is supplied by two large markets—Ah-jah-ee, to the eastward of the central palace, at once a market, parade, and sacrificial ground; and Hung-jooloh, just outside the south gate. Besides these are several smaller markets, the stalls of which are all owned, and are generally attended, by women, the wives of all classes and orders, from the miegans to the blacksmiths. The fetish houses are numerous, and ridiculously ornamented. Cloths are manufactured within the palaces and houses. The only other manufacture is in a pottery, which, with a dye-house, is a royal monopoly, inasmuch as the royal wives work them; and none may approach the factory. Within the city are large waste lands and many cultivated farms. There are no regular streets, and it is difficult for a European to imagine himself in the capital of a large country, as all the houses are surrounded by high red clay walls, which enclose large forest trees, besides orange, banana, and other fruit trees. All the houses are low and thatched, and one only, in the palace of Dange-lah-cordeh, and one in that of Cumasee, can boast of two stories. Leaving the south gate, the traveller passes through the town of Beh-kon, occupied principally by the palaces of Cumasee and Ahgon-groo, and the houses of the ministers; whilst from the south-west gate the road leads to another royal palace. The Dahoman capital is, in fact, entirely unprotected by its walls and gates, and built in the most ill-judged of positions for so large a city. For a distance of five miles on every side there is no water. Passing out of the north gate, the traveller soon arrives at a most beautiful point of view. Standing on an eminence of some hundred feet, a fertile valley lies stretched at his feet, bounded in the extreme north-west by the lofty summits of the Dab-a-Dab hills, tinged with blue, and looming larger from the distant view. Here and there about this fertile plain are small oozy reservoirs of water, from which the sole supply of that necessary element is obtained for the populous city. With so scanty and precarious a supply, it may be well supposed that fresh water is a luxury in Abomey, and the cry of 'Seedagbee' (good water) as constant as the 'Água de Lisboa' of the Gallegos in Portugal. On the north-eastern side of the capital the farms are dependant solely on the rain-water collected during the rainy season, and secured in deep pits smeared on the inside with palm-oil, whence it is drawn off into earthen vessels, and thus stored up within the houses until the return of the rainy period."

In our concluding notice of this interesting work we hope to present our readers with an account of the strange scenes which the author witnessed at the capital of Dahomey.

The coloured drawings with which these volumes are illustrated are beautifully executed, and give an excellent representation of the appearance, dress, and customs of the inhabitants at their great festivals and on other occasions.

*Lelio, a Vision of Reality; Hervor; and other Poems.* By Patrick Scott. Chapman and Hall.

A WRITER who embroiders his foot-notes with Persian, and who is content with nothing short of Greek for his mottoes, must be too good a scholar not to be familiar with the pregnant warning contained in Horace's well-known lines:—

"Pindarum quisquis studeat æmulari,  
Jule, ceratis ope Dædaleæ  
Nititur pennis, vitreo daturus  
Nomina ponto."

On Mr. Scott, however, the warning has obviously been lost; for, emulous of Dante and of Milton, he is not content to walk the common earth, but soars beyond time and space to paint angels and spiritual powers, and such high matters as common men are

wont to meditate upon in silent awe. The result, as might have been expected, accords entirely with the Horatian prediction.

What 'A Vision of Reality' in Mr. Scott's mind may mean, we do not profess to say. According to the ordinary signification of the words, it imports no more than "a sight of something seen;" but if Mr. Scott have really seen the things which he describes in his 'Lelio,' his realities are very much like other men's sick dreams, and he must not reckon upon a wide circle of sympathetic admirers. Indeed, the number of readers, it is obvious, must be extremely limited, who can follow the aspirations of a hero, of whom it is said:—

"In part thou hast  
Visibly handled co-existent truth,  
That meets the eye no more than the thin air  
Which the life draws in daily; for each substance  
Casts on the spirit an unsensual shadow  
From a diviner sun; to gaze on this  
Is the high privilege of the child of light."

An angel is the speaker, and this may account for the unusual character of the imagery and language. Plain people will, however, be inclined to question the possibility of "visibly handling" that which is as impalpable as air; and they may assuredly be excused if, without the assistance of superhuman intelligence, they find themselves unable to comprehend such mysteries as "co-existent truth" and an "unsensual shadow." It is perhaps of little moment, but when we are told that—

"To gaze on this  
Is the high privilege of the child of light,"

it might have been satisfactory to know whether "this" relates to "co-existent truth," or to the "substance" which casts an "unsensual shadow," or to the "unsensual shadow" itself, or, last of all, to the "diviner sun," from which the substance derives, in opposition to all recognised laws, the "unsensual shadow" which it casts on the spirit; for such is the structure of the passage, that to any or all of these is the "this" equally applicable.

In so far as the plot of 'Lelio' is concerned, although professedly a dramatic poem, it is very much in the case of Canning's knife-grinder—

"Story, God bless you, I have none to tell, sir."

It opens with a 'banquet,' at which *Lelio*, with his friends, *Leone* and *Ridolfo*, talk in very tedious fashion about "the kindling bowl," and "the red god," and "the glow of beauty's smile,"—*Leone* representing the ardent, *Ridolfo* the cold-blooded sensualist, and *Lelio* the man of spiritual tendencies. In the course of the poem, *Leone* having first failed in seducing *Ilya*, a young lady of the rarest beauty and the frailest principles, and who is brought back to propriety at a critical moment by the casual mention of her "mother's cottage," meets with *Nina*, a former victim, now in the last stage of destitution and decay, and disappears from the scene, after fatiguing the reader through eight or ten pages of very vulgar remorse. Shorter work is made of *Ridolfo*. Attracted by a rustic Daphne, he pursues her along a rotten wooden bridge, which giving way, both are precipitated into a torrent below. As the poet vividly says—

"Down they go, splintering and splashing;  
where leaving them to splash and splinter,  
let us return to *Lelio*, whom we find thus soliloquising:—

"See! evening settles on the silent top  
Of the dim Apennine—from hill and plain  
Gathering the light, as from the pensive mind  
Reflection shuts the bright material world."

Evening has had many offices assigned to her by the poets, but surely this is the first time she has been made to "gather light"



from hill and plain. And then how is she made to gather it? In the same manner as reflection shuts the bright material world from the pensive mind. Gathers light, as reflection shuts out the world? Then to take in, and to exclude, are, according to our poet, precisely the same thing, and "gathering the light" is to be understood as "dispelling the light." A little further on he says:—

"What meets the eye at once is seldom truth."

If the converse be true, 'Lelio' abounds with truths; for, of all the propositions which it contains, not one can be said to "meet the eye at once," nor even after many and laborious inspections. While *Lelio* is prosecuting what he with singular inaccuracy calls his "wild thoughts," he suddenly finds that they

"Have given formation to the dusky air;  
Or do I dream, or is the gloom around  
Heap'd into shape, such fitful shape as fits  
Impalpable things?"

A thing "impalpable," and yet with a shape! Have Mr. Scott's metaphysics brought him to this pass? But to be "impalpable," it seems, is not to be "invisible;" for, continues *Lelio*,—

"Again 'tis there! I see it  
Deepest amid the deepening shades, and growing  
In fearful (?) life; its features only seem  
Distinctly fashion'd, yet show less the impress  
Of physical nature, than the hot reflection  
Of a sun-like soul; as if creative power,  
Willing to give to mind a visible clothing,  
Materialized a God's intelligence!"

Being charged to declare what it is, this "hot reflection of a sunlike soul" tells *Lelio* that it is—

"Thy bodied thought—the angel  
Missioned to show thee what thou wouldst behold!"

*Lelio* declares he is ready to look on anything, whereupon the Angel "o'er his mind passes this mystic power," and—

"Sends it forth upon the fields  
Of esoteric truth, to gather fruit  
For the store-chambers of its mortal home!"

What he sees on these "fields of esoteric truth" it were too tedious to mention. "The burning aristocracy of hell," time-serving statesmen, faded coquettes, and exanimate debauchees, pass before us in pictures not remarkable for originality. We then come to the following vision, in which the poet has concentrated all his powers and all his peculiarities:—

"Let me look again,  
For my sense swims upon a boundless ocean,  
Struggling against its own magnificence—  
I see the flashings of bright points that pierce  
The solid night, whence floats a spinning sound  
Of a low melody—while round me ripples  
Impalpable ether, whose conflicting waves  
Breaking in flame, the evanescent bloom  
Of blackest darkness, show nought near but thee  
Standing beside me in untenanted space!  
Behold! immeasurable shadow creeping  
O'er the clear void, and from a form that might be  
The form of man, could the weak eye take in  
Its limitless outline, stretches forth a hand,  
Within whose hollow rests a new-born world;  
The other arm extends a mantle o'er  
Its naked limbs, and showers all forms of matter  
And fire of mind, upon its mighty surface,  
Heaving the pulse of a stupendous life!  
A little while those awful fingers poise  
The trembling globe, then hurl it flashing from them—  
Away, it rushes through the lash'd air, waking  
Time into life, and night to light—away—  
Lifting its voice of giant joy, and shouting  
To the unbounded universe, to welcome  
A radiant brother of God's ancient stars!  
Fearfully wonderful!"

An ejaculation which we are sure the reader will devoutly echo.

Of all the visions of reality, however, which *Lelio* sees in "the fields of esoteric truth," he is impressed by none so deeply as by that of *Ilya*, who is shown to him while under the solicitations of his profligate friend *Leone*. No ordinary tropes suffice for a spirit accustomed, like *Lelio's*, to "struggle against its own magnificence," and he exclaims, in lan-

guage more remarkable for irreverence than for poetry—

"Life were too short to look. I do, I do  
Look on the master effort of a God,  
The point at which Omnipotence arriv'd,  
And stopp'd when it made Woman."

The end and aim of all *Lelio's* visions seem to be to unite him with *Ilya*, whose attachment to *Leone*, with a sad want of truth, as well as poetic propriety, is represented as a mere physical inclination, which wanes with absence. She becomes enamoured of *Lelio* in a dream, and while she is narrating this dream to her sister, he approaches with these words:—

"'Tis she, and yet I need not look; her presence  
Is like a melody—the delicate winds  
Bear hither their rich embassy of sighs.  
Now Heav'n protect me 'gainst the rushing thoughts  
That beat upon my heart, lest earthly joy  
Unnerve it for the strength of God's embrace!"

With which burst of profane extravagance, this preposterous 'Vision of Reality' closes.

Mr. Scott says, in his preface, "if any descriptions of female beauty be objected against me as overstrained and injurious, I would reply, that to him who has felt its full influence, no description can be exaggerated, and that I conceive of it as culminating only on its moral meridian." By this we presume Mr. Scott means to say, that the highest beauty is that which is illuminated by spiritual purity, —a very safe truism, in which, however, he would have better shown his faith had his apostrophes to his heroine been controlled by that religious reverence of which women, whose beauty is of that high order, are at once the best teachers and examples. But, after what has been written about women from Homer downwards, there is something ludicrous in a writer protesting that he has not pitched his praise of the sex too highly, who has nothing better to say than this—

"And thou, divinest woman! if with thee  
Beauty resides not, where doth beauty dwell?  
Where breathes the man whose frozen grief could be  
Cold at its heart, nor own that brilliant spell,  
Whene'er that, rising moon-like on his night,  
There beams some eye of Eve's most queenly daughters,  
Where feeling slumbers 'neath the surface-light,  
As lies the unfathom'd depth of sun-besprinkled waters!"

Mr. Scott may rest assured that this sort of eulogy is altogether harmless,—a good deal more so than the lady whom, in his 'Hervor,' he describes as being

"As spirited as a hurricane,  
And prettier than a flash of lightning!"

In this poem Mr. Scott has made a fine old Scandinavian tale the vehicle for some very spasmodic attempts at humour and satire in the Ingoldsby vein, where, as usual in such imitations, bad taste and vulgarity deform every page. Gladly would we record that here or in the other poems we had found anything to justify the name. But we have not. Mr. Scott seems to labour under the not uncommon delusion that when he is not writing prose, he is writing poetry, and that he is the more poetical the farther he travels beyond the limits of common sense. Whenever, for example, he can combine two things which are wholly incongruous, he is pretty sure to do so. Thus he tells us in one place of

"Calm (?) flowers  
Sprinkling harmonious incense on the scene;"

and in another of "bright flowers" crying out, "with their most odorous voices." When Bottom says—

"I see a voice; now will I to the chink,  
To spy an' I can hear my Thisbe's face,"

we enjoy the confusion of his terms; but we never suspect him of being poetical. So, when Mr. Scott makes his scents musical, and his voices fragrant, we are apt to regard him

very much as we should a man who discoursed to us of an eloquent leg of mutton, or a melodious easy chair. Again, when "the blackness of thickest light" descends upon his hero, a very natural distrust comes over our minds as to the state of that gentleman's wits, and we should not feel surprised to hear him in the next sentence, like the stout gentleman in 'Nicholas Nickleby,' call for "the bottled lightning, a clean tumbler, and the corkscrew." In these absurdities Mr. Scott is unfortunately not singular. They abound in only too many of those elegant duodecimos of misty and unmusical verse, to which the admiration of 'Festus' and 'Paracelsus' have given rise, where the faults of the originals are pushed to extravagance, and in place of the keen insight and clear voice of the true poet, we have the cloudy half-thoughts and turgid utterance of the poetaster.

In the notes to the 'Lelio' two translations of love songs from the Persian, by a friend of the author's now dead, are given. Both are beautiful, but we can only find room for the following:—

"Portray thy beauty as I will—  
The charms which move with envious ire  
The idols circling Azor's fire—  
Thou art more lovely still!"

"For mortal vision ne'er did greet  
An image fairer than thy face—  
See! captive to each witching grace,  
The world is at thy feet!"

"No more the sun, nor moon I see,  
Nor gleaming meteor in the skies;  
Apostate to thy radiant eyes,  
I own no star but thee!"

"Brighter than aught I can impart,  
More sprightly than the fairy's wing,  
More soft than rose-leaves in the spring,  
By Heaven! how dear thou art!"

"Realms far and near I've traversed o'er,  
Have worshipp'd many an idol's shrine,  
Seen many graceful, soft, divine,  
But thou art something more!"

"I—thou—the soul and body! None  
Shall henceforth e'er declare  
That we are but a loving pair;  
—Oh! dearest, we are one!"

"Poor, and forlorn with passion's strife,  
Within thy sphere, by luckless chance,  
Khosroo has fallen: oh! give one glance,  
And took him into life!"

*Rambles beyond Railways; or, Notes in Cornwall taken a-foot.* By W. Wilkie Collins. Bentley.

HAVING rambled ourselves a few years since through Cornwall, and taken as nearly as possible the very tour our present traveller so graphically and truthfully narrates, we are glad to join a companion who so pleasantly beguiles the way with anecdote, and tale, and legendary lore; while the freedom and force of his descriptions wake again the restless fancies and the inexpressible delight with which we trod, in our vernal season, this land of old renown. A more fertile or less hackneyed subject our author could not have chosen, on which to lavish the rich resources of an artist's eye and a poet's soul. No corner of our 'tight little island' offers so large a field of storied interest and dim tradition. To the lover of Nature inviolate, here she revels in all the wild and wayward drapery of her gentlest and grandest aspects. Here she seems to stand aloof from the feverish changes of the world in unassailed simplicity. Land of storm and tempest, of brown moor and rugged rock, hill and valley, cliff and crag, land of mystic memories and forgotten workshops, here is inspired the reverential awe which mingles so enchantingly the past with the present.

To most of us, this Cornwall of ours has



ever been a sort of dream-land of romance, from the time it spoke to our young imaginations as the fabled scene of giant adventures and of heroic chiefs—

"Where the little valiant Englishman  
Slew the Giant Cormoran,"

to the time when history led us to the land—

"Where the great vision of the guarded mount  
Looks toward Namancas and Bayona's hold."

And, in later days, we have warmed at the miners' chivalry and song, when they set off on their march for the Capital, to see justice done to their leader:—

"And shall Trelawney die?  
There's twenty thousand Cornish men  
Will know the reason why."

But to our travellers. When you have once got round the 'start' (perhaps, as is generally the case, the heaviest part of our work), we can promise all who accompany these 'Rambles' to find them only too short. Take, as a specimen of Mr. Collins' hearty, unaffected style, the following advice to pedestrians and eulogy of travelling a-foot.

"You, who, in these days of vehement bustle, business, and competition, can still find time to travel for pleasure alone—you, who have yet to become emancipated from the thralldom of railways, coaches, and saddle-horses—patronize, I exhort you, that first and oldest of all conveyances, your own legs! Think on your tender partings nipped in the bud by the railway bell: think on the coachman's detested voice that summoned you, famishing, from a good dinner-table; think of luggage confided to extortionate porters, of horses casting shoes and catching colds, of cramped legs and numbed feet, of vain longings to get down for a moment here, and to delay for a pleasant half-hour there;—think of all these manifold hardships of riding at your ease, and the next time you leave home, strap your luggage on your shoulders, take your stick in your hand, set forth delivered from a perfect paraphernalia of incumbrances, to go where you will, how you will, the free citizen of the whole travelling world! Thus independent, what may you not accomplish? what pleasure is there that you cannot enjoy? Are you an artist?—you can stop to sketch every point of view that strikes your eye. Are you a philanthropist?—you can go into every cottage, and talk to every human being you pass. Are you a botanist or geologist?—you may pick up leaves and chip rock wherever you please the live-long day. Are you a valetudinarian?—you may physic yourself by Nature's own simple prescription, walking in fresh air. Are you dilatory and irresolute?—you may dawdle to your heart's content; you may change all your plans a dozen times in a dozen hours; you may tell 'Boots' at the inn to call you at six o'clock, may fall asleep again (ecstatic sensation!) five minutes after he has knocked at the door, and may get up two hours later, to pursue your journey with perfect impunity and satisfaction. For, to you, what is a time-table but waste paper? and a 'booked place' but a relic of the dark ages? You strap on your knapsack for the first time, and five minutes afterwards feel an aching pain in the muscles at the back of your neck—walk on, and the aching will walk off! How do we overcome our first painful cuticular reminiscence of first getting on horseback?—by riding. Apply the same rule to carrying the knapsack, and be assured of the same successful result. Again, and uncompromisingly I say it, therefore—walk, and be merry; walk, and be healthy; walk, and be your own master! walk, to enjoy, to observe, to improve, as no riders can! walk, and you are the best peripatetic impersonation of genuine holiday enjoyment that is to be met with on the surface of this work-a-day world."

LOOE, the little fishing-town *par excellence*, with its "good-humoured and unsophisticated" population; the men absorbed in "mending boats, painting boats, cleaning boats, rowing boats, or standing with their hands in their

pockets looking at boats;" the women "taking a very fair share of the hard work out of the men's hands;" and the children, grave beyond their years, who "congregate together in sober little groups, and hold mysterious conversations," are sketches pleasantly familiar to us. The true story of how the people of Looe got rid of the rats, by first capturing and then "smothering them in onions," is told with considerable humour. And the boat race, which turned out, on a wet day, to be a "failure on a very large scale," would be a tempting extract for the tone of comic misfortune with which the small miseries of a disappointment are detailed.

The account of the popular legend of the 'wide circle of detached upright rocks,' called the 'Hurlers,' we must quote, with the hope that the quiet fun and good-natured irony of the allusions may be felt in the right place:—

"There are two very different histories of these rocks; the antiquarian account of them is straightforward and practical enough, simply asserting that they are the remains of a Druid temple, the whole region about them having been one of the principal stations of the Druids in Cornwall. The popular account of the 'Hurlers' (from which their name is derived) is very different, and rather poetical. It is contended, on the part of the people, that once upon a time (nobody knows how long ago) these rocks were Cornish men, who profanely went out (nobody knows from what place) to enjoy the national sport of hurling the ball on one fine 'Sabbath morning,' and were suddenly turned into pillars of stone, as a judgment on their own wickedness, and a warning to all their companions as well.

"Having to choose between the antiquarian hypothesis and the popular legend on the very spot to which both referred, a common susceptibility to the charms of romance at once determined us to pin our faith on the latter. Looking at the Hurlers, therefore, in the peculiar spirit of the legend attached to them, as really and truly petrified ball-players, we observed, with great interest, that some of them must have been a little above, and others a little below our own height in their lifetime; that some must have been very corpulent, and others very thin persons; that one of them, having a protuberance on his head remarkably like a night-cap in stone, was possibly a sluggard, as well as a Sabbath-breaker, and might have got out of his bed just in time to 'hurl;' that another, with some faint resemblance left of a fat grinning human face, leaned considerably out of the perpendicular, and was, therefore, in all probability, a hurler of intemperate habits. At some distance off we remarked a high stone standing entirely by itself, which, in the absence of any positive information on the subject, we presumed to consider as the petrified effigy of a tall man who ran after the ball. In the opposite direction other stones were dotted about irregularly, which we could only imagine to represent certain misguided wretches who had attended as spectators of the sports, and had, therefore, incurred the same penalty and judgment as the hurlers themselves. These humble results of observations taken on the spot are offered in no irreverent spirit, but rather as tending to supply some pretty strong facts from ancient history, to be adduced in argument by the next pious layman in the government, who gets up to propose the next series of Sabbath prohibitions for the benefit of the profane laymen in the nation."

We then have some very interesting and amusing as well as accurate and faithful observations on the Cornish people, who still preserve to a great degree a kind of local nationality. Perhaps we miss a few distinctive features which the author might have noticed:—the family nomenclatures, so well bearing out the old proverb distich:—

"By the Pol and Pen,  
You shall know the Cornishmen;"

and the device of Cornwall's scutcheon, the wedge-shaped balls, the sign of half the inn in Cornwall, with the appropriate motto "One and All."

With these notes in passing, and a lustrous little word-picture of Love-pool, he beguiles the way to the Lizard, where, in his description of the wild and iron-bound promontory, (how often have we 'sighted,' how often 'taken our departure' from that first and last remembered headland!) he gives full play to all his great and varied powers of striking and picturesque language.

The chapter on the Pilchard Fishery is as full of life and motion—we speak from memory—as the scene it so racily describes. St. Michael's Mount, our author is enabled, by a practised hand in historic portraiture, to illustrate by four bold and vigorous *tableaux*, or, as he pleasingly interprets them, "dissolving views," embracing the four great epochs of its stormy and romantic history, from the first jealous visits of Phœnician enterprise to our skin-clad ancestors, down to our own homely and peaceful days of security and ease. We miss here some notice of the Saint's Chair, worn hollow in the seat, as the legend tells, by long penitential watchings; it is placed on the outer angle of the tower which surmounts the castle, and was probably a stone-lantern. We are told by Carew, in his 'Survey of Cornwall,' "Without this fortress, there is a bad, dangerous seat in a craggy place, called 'St. Michael's Chaire,' somewhat dangerous for access, and therefore holy for the adventure." We do not forget when, lured by the enterprize of youth, and the promise the Cornish legend gives to it as well as the 'Well of St. Keyne,' we leapt into the seat, '*facilis descensus*,' thinking little of the return, till, the excitement past, we saw below, with a horror we strove to conceal, under our dangling legs, the castle battlements, and far down, lower still, the craggy rocks and the surging sea.

We pass on by the 'Logan Rock' to the 'Land's End,' which we were in hopes our author had seen, and would describe, as we were once fortunate enough to see it, in a storm, a real 'whole gale of wind:' for here, on this outer battlement of our island-fortress, the great Atlantic heaves the full fury of his mountain waves without let for a thousand leagues; and right glorious it is to see Old Ocean surge upon these granite cliffs, as down the gullies sweeps the wind like a swoop of eagles, and to hear the booming thunder of the waters breaking over the crest of the 'Longships.' Of the scenery of the Land's End he truly writes—

"The whole bold view possesses all the sublimity that vastness and space can bestow; but it is that sublimity which is to be seen, not described, which the heart may acknowledge and the mind contain, but which no mere words may delineate, which even painting itself may but faintly reflect."

The descent of the Botallack mine is, like all the descriptions in this book, unmistakably genuine; and the ludicrous fidelity with which our author de-idealizes himself (if we may be allowed to coin a word for the occasion), in representing the figure of fun he made in a miner's suit, belonging to a man of six feet four, himself being (he tells us) only five feet six, is almost distressing for its sincerity. The mining district which, in the neighbourhood of Redruth, is like a rabbit-warren, is happily contrasted with the gloomy solitude of other scenes. Returning by the north coast, he touches lightly and ever agree-



ably on each point of story and interest—traditional, historical, social, industrial, he meets with on his way. The vale of Mawgan, with its 'Arcadian peacefulness' and 'embowering trees,' and its Carmelite Nunnery of Lanherne, on which he bestows a touching and thoughtful glance of interest and compassion; Arthur's seat at Tintagel, with many a wild tale of that legend-haunted region, of which every nook and corner might be made a fertile and enchanting theme; Padstow, with its treacherous harbour and shifting sands, the penalty of the mermaid's death; the church buried in the 'Towans' opposite, like that at Pinanzabuloe; Hell's Bay, Port Quin, Port Isaac, little fishing villages, thrust as it were into rifts of the cliff, a wild breaker-beaten coast, the very dwelling-place of storms. But enough has been seen and said to satisfy and delight the most greedy of tourists; and a more thoroughly natural, hearty volume than this record, by a man of genius, of a 'holiday walk in dear old England,' it were impossible to meet. He has not only an artist's eye for nature and a poet's soul to treasure up her wonders and her beauties, but he has the strong, clear, calm, good sense, the just observation, and the broad and generous sympathies that should ever be found in the head and heart of a cultivated and thoughtful English gentleman. There are many passages of genuine humour and pathos; such as the 'Modern Drama in Cornwall,' and the affecting life-history of Daniel Gumb, the stonemason, 'a man whose strange and striking story might worthily adorn the pages of a tragic, yet glorious, history, which is still unwritten, the history of the martyrs of knowledge in humble life.'

The illustrations by Mr. Brandling, our author's fellow-traveller, are very pleasantly and faithfully executed, and cannot fail to be of material assistance to all who may incline to follow these 'Rambles.' Mr. Collins is the 'Eöthen' of Cornwall; and we hope that, like that eastern hero, he may beget a whole generation—of home tourists.

*The Geometric Beauty of the Human Figure Defined; to which is prefixed a System of Aesthetic Proportion applicable to Architecture and the other Formative Arts.* By D. R. Hay, F.R.S.E. Blackwood & Sons. *Form and Sound; can their Beauty be Dependent on the same Physical Laws?* By Thomas Purdie. Black.

It is curious, and as instructive as curious, to study the works of those who have written on beauty. They prove in the most decided manner that the object of their contemplation has no fixed standard, that it is a compound principle, its elements being, as Schlegel has well defined, the richness of nature, the purity of love, and the symmetry of art.

The metaphysical philosopher contemplates beauty as an abstract idea, "absolute and unchangeable, independent of nature or of man." The more mechanical mind perceives only certain combinations of lines, fine geometrical proportions, and with the clinometer and compass resolves the abstract idea into a perfectly tangible system, in which every individual may be instructed as easily as in those mechanical rules which regulate any ordinary structure from the hands of man.

Mr. D. R. Hay, of Edinburgh, has for some time taught "the first principles, or teachable laws of beauty," as being founded upon certain properties possessed by the

"harmonic ratios in a progressive series of scalene triangles," and upon these he founds his "first principles of symmetrical beauty as developed in the geometrical harmony of the human head and countenance," and in "the geometric beauty of the human figure." Mr. Hay contends: "If the idea of the beautiful is not absolute like the idea of the true; if it is nothing more than the expression of individual sentiment, the rebound of a changing sensation, or the result of each person's fancy, then the discussion on the fine arts waver without support, and will never have an end." The basis of the theory which fixes the absolute standard of beauty is the supposed existence in the human mind of a mathematical faculty, which produces a response to every development in external nature of the numerical ratios which regulate musical harmony.

"There is," says Mr. Hay, "harmony of numbers in all nature; in the force of gravity; in the planetary movements; in the laws of heat, light, electricity, and chemical affinity; in the forms of animals and plants; in the perceptions of the mind."

\* \* \* We think modern science will show that the mysticism of Pythagoras was mystical only to the unlettered, and that it was a system of philosophy founded on the then existing mathematics; which latter seems to have comprised more of the philosophy of numbers than our present.

It is in reply to these views that 'Form and Sound,' by Mr. Purdie, has been published, and to our notions the argument is fairly supported, the doctrines of the "geometrical principles of beauty" are honestly stated, and the objections to them placed in a skilful manner and urged in a manly spirit.

In the quotation we have given, Mr. Hay assumes the existence of numerical harmony in all things, and he appeals to modern science to support his position. Certainly Mr. Hay knows little of modern physical science, or he would have avoided the comparison. Sir Isaac Newton fixed the number of rays constituting white light as being seven; the number of musical notes are regarded as seven; hence charming theories have been built up as to the harmonic relations of the undulations of light and sound. By the discoveries of modern science two new rays have been added to the original seven, thus making them nine; and it has been most satisfactorily shown that those nine chromatic bands, which we detect in the prismatic spectrum, are but inter-combinations of three primary colours.

The fancied analogy between sound and colour was once a favourite one, but it has long been discarded as being fanciful merely. Mr. Hay pushes the analogy farther, and contends that the beautiful results alone from the combination of certain curved lines which have a relation to the pulsations producing musical notes.

"He lays down, as his first position, that the eye is influenced, in its estimation of spaces, by a simplicity of proportion similar to that which guides the ear in its appreciation of sounds. And the second position he lays down is, that the eye is guided, in its estimate, by direction rather than by distance, just as the ear is guided by number rather than magnitude of vibrations: He therefore attributes the vague and unsatisfactory inferences to which other methods have led, to the circumstance of length and not direction having been taken as the standard of comparison—to the attempted application of simplicity of linear, not of an angular proportion,—a mistake committed by the author himself in some of his earlier works. The basis of his present theory, therefore, simply is, that a figure is pleasing to the eye in the same degree as its fundamental angles bear to each other the same

proportions that the vibrations bear to one another in the common chord of music."

In the work now before us, Mr. D. R. Hay recapitulates the hypothesis published in his previous treatises, and as involving some new ideas, deals particularly with the geometric beauty of the human figure. As an example of his standard of geometric beauty in the female form, Mr. D. R. Hay has selected, agreeably with his own mathematical principles of drawing, a figure copied from the life in the Royal Scottish Academy; we cannot say, however, that it approaches to our idea of the perfection of beauty in woman. On the contrary, we regard this as another proof of the difficulty of establishing any fixed standard of the beautiful.

In natural operations there is no uncertainty, everything moves in obedience to some law which is unchangeable. Whether we regard the phenomena of light producing that infinite variety of colour which adorns the surface of the earth—or the laws of heat, regulating the physical conditions of matter—or those of electricity, which appear to perform some most important parts in the great chemical operations of nature—or those of gravitation, which bind planet to planet, and these to a central sun, maintaining them all, by a wonderful system of equipoise, in such well-defined orbits that we recognise, in the poetic phrase of 'the music of the spheres,' a fine mode of expressing a philosophic truth—we are at once convinced of the perfection of Nature's works; and we must admire that sublime system which regulates the mutation of matter, which ever moves in its own great circle of decay and resurrection, 'never ending, still beginning.'

We cannot understand by what kind of induction it is *proved* that these divine laws have any connexion with the harmony of music, or how they regulate the productions of human thought, as they are displayed in the productions of the sculptor or the painter. The originator of inductive philosophy himself says, "That is the best part of beauty which a picture cannot express. There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness in the proportions. A man cannot tell whether Apelles or Albert Dürer were the more trifler, whereof the one would make a personage by geometrical proportions, the other by taking the best part of divers faces to make one excellent. Such personages, I think, would please no one but the painter who made them; not but, I think, a painter may make a better face than ever was, but he must do it by a kind of felicity, (as a musician that maketh an excellent air in music,) and not by rule."

Our perceptions of the beautiful, whether of 'symmetric beauty' or of 'picturesque beauty,' to adopt Mr. Hay's division, are certainly capable of education. One mind—of the home-spun variety—may declare an object to be beautiful, which another mind—of the educated and refined order—may pronounce offensive, and opposed to every law of taste. Mr. Purdie looks at nature with a poet's eye, and he writes of her beauties with a flowing pen. How true is this:—

"When the mind is tranquil, and the finer sensibilities of our nature attuned to harmony, they seem to be but chords responding to the magic of the beautiful objects that environ us—the strings of an Æolian harp which vibrate to every passing breeze. The very spirit of beauty seems living and moving around us. The enchantment of sweet sounds steals over the soul, but leaves their nature and their origin enwrapped in mystery. Most varied



are the sources whence this emotion springs; objects differing in their form and proportions—absolutely opposite in their nature—seem equally fitted to excite and to gratify it. There is the beauty of helpless childhood, of vigorous manhood, and venerable old age. There is the beauty of spring, when nature, bursting from her icy fetters, assumes her robes of green, and rejoicing in her new-born freedom, holds her annual jubilee. There is the still more jocund beauty of summer—nature's adolescence—with its brilliant sunshine, and its blossoms big with promises of future joys. There is the sadder beauty of the autumn, when nature, after bringing forth her flowers and fruits, dons her russet robe—a sober matron, less bright and gay, but not less beautiful. Its fairest flowers have withered, and the deep green has passed into the sere and yellow leaf; and yet, with all the sad associations which it brings, and emblematic as it is of man's decay and death, its beauty moves the heart as powerfully as the brighter hues and more gladdening associations of a gayer season. And winter has its beauties too, when nature, arrayed in her snowy mantle, rests and renews her vigour. Millions of diamonds glitter in the bright cold sun, and every tree bends under its feathery load. The trees which filled Aladdin's cave, bending beneath their load of jewelled fruitage, could never vie with these in brightness and in beauty."

And again, in continuation:—

"There is the beauty of all animate creation, living, moving, and enjoying existence around us—

'The blackbird amid leafy trees,  
The lark above the hill,  
Let loose their carols when they please,  
And quiet when they will.

'With nature never do they wage  
A foolish strife: they see  
A happy youth, and their old age  
So beautiful and free.'

"There is the beauty of the human form—  
'God-like erect, with native honour clad,'

the noble tenement of the immortal soul—of the countenance radiant with moral and intellectual expression, associated with all the dearest ties which bind man to earth, or constitute the anticipated bliss of heaven.

"There is the beauty of architecture in all its styles—from the serene elegance of the Doric to the gorgeous splendour of the Moorish or Gothic—in painting, from the matchless truth and marvellous power of invention displayed in the 'Marriage à la Mode,' to the godlike grandeur of a cartoon. There is the beauty of sculpture, poetry, music, and mathematics. There is a beauty in the sounds that fill the earth and the sky, in the fragrance that floats on the air—

'And drawing near  
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore  
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood.'

And various as the emotions are, called into existence by causes apparently so opposite in their nature, there must be a common property or bond of union, from whose existence they have instinctively been classed together under the same generic term."

The pulsations of the air beating upon the ear and producing sound, may be represented in curves, and described in numbers; but that undefinable something which beats upon the delicate retina, which excites the nervous system, and awakens pulsations of delight in the human heart, is not to be exhibited in any set system of lines, or reduced to any law of 2, 4, 6, or of 3, 7, 9. Mr. Hay belongs to that order of mind who would measure the curves of a rosebud, and define the angles at which the petals of the anemone are fixed in relation to each other. He would chain the beautiful in nature and art, to his own set rules, and thus produce good drawing to the destruction of every exalted power which guides the artist's pencil or the sculptor's chisel. Form and sound have no relation to each other—and this is most satisfactorily shown in Mr. Purdie's treatise. The result of this "ambi-

guous quackery of rules," as Hazlitt calls it, may be examined in the ceiling of the great hall of the Society of Arts, the work of the author of the 'Geometric Beauty,' and we fear it will be shortly displayed for the study of the world in the chromatic discord of the level lines of bright colours,—colours of the earth, earthy,—which appear likely to form the decoration of the Palace of Industry in Hyde Park:—

"In mental, no less than in physical science, the inductive method of inquiry is the only lamp to direct our steps in the search after truth; and had the author of this theory condescended to walk by the light of the Baconian philosophy, he would never have allowed himself to be seduced by an *ignis fatuus* into such a quagmire of delusion and absurdity."

We would soften this remark of Mr. Purdie's, by stating our conviction, that both Mr. Hay and himself are proofs of the fact, that the objects which are beautiful to one man are not recognised as such by another. One looks at nature through a medium which gives every line an unnatural hardness, while another surveys her wonders through a tinted glass that softens all things into a scene of sweet enchantment.

*Scènes de la Bohème.* By Henry Murger.  
Paris: Michel Levy.

THE Bohemia here referred to is not that country which is situated in the centre of Europe, and acknowledges subjection to the House of Hapsburg; but it is to be found within the octroi wall that surrounds the good city of Paris. "In Paris!" some tourist will exclaim, "why, I know that city from the poverty-stricken Rue Mouffetard to the fashionable Chaussée d'Antin—from the wine-dealing Barrière de Bercy to the aristocratic Barrière de l'Etoile; and yet I never heard of any district called Bohemia." Very likely; but it exists, nevertheless. True, it is not marked out on any map—it is not officially registered in any of the mayoralties of the twelve arrondissements—no mention of it is made in any of the guide books—not even in Galignani's. But notwithstanding all that, we declare that there is most certainly a Bohemia in Paris. In making this positive assertion, we admit that we cannot point to a particular quarter of the vast city, and say, "That is the Parisian Bohemia;" but *en revanche* we can safely aver that there is not one of the many arrondissements, districts, and parishes, into which the municipality has subdivided the town, that does not contain some portion, more or less extensive, of this—to the mass of ordinary mortals—*terra incognita*. It is chiefly, however, in the least fashionable and cheaper districts that Bohemia takes the largest development; such as the famous *quartier Latin*, or district of the schools, the thinly-inhabited streets which lie between the Faubourg St. Germain and the barriers, or those beyond the Luxembourg, or behind the Hôtel des Invalides, or on the heights of Montmartre. Of the climate of Bohemia we cannot say much, as it depends on the situation, and a multitude of other circumstances; but as a general rule the country is remarkable for air and light, being, though not mountainous, close to the skies—inasmuch as it is situated in the very topmost garrets of those enormously high houses which the French are accustomed to build.

In stature and form the Bohemians are not

strikingly distinguished from the rest of mankind, except, indeed, it be that they have, one and all, gigantic beards and huge masses of uncombed hair; also that they are accustomed to carry constantly between their teeth a short and remarkably black instrument full of smouldering fire, and giving forth at regular intervals a volume of smoke. But though at first glance the stranger might suppose that they are the same as other citizens, the fact is, that in language, dress, opinions, pursuits, and manner of living, they are entirely and totally different. In dress, for example, they display all that contempt of luxury and cleanliness which distinguished the cynic philosophers of ancient Greece. Their garments are cut in the most outrageous fashions, are of the most extravagant pattern, and of the coarsest material; their hats are battered into almost impossible shapes, are of varied colours, and have a breadth of brim which George Fox, if *redivivus*, would think too large; their boots, scorning the idea of exercising anything approaching to tyranny, allow the toes full liberty of light and air, and heat and cold. The language they speak contains many words which have a certain resemblance to French; but it is so overloaded with slang terms of the painting room, the green room, authorship, the estaminet, the *guinguette*, the public dancing *salle*—so rich in grotesque imagery, and so full of long words, concocted Heaven knows by whom, and meaning Heaven knows what—that it is an unknown tongue to the most accomplished linguist.

The pursuits of the Bohemians are exclusively literary and artistic. For trade and manufactures they have a most profound contempt; they think, indeed, that the only occupation worthy of mankind is for one portion, the *élite*, or Bohemian, to paint pictures and write books; and for the other portion, the *profanum vulgus*, to buy and admire them. Of their own works they have the most exalted opinion, and unhesitatingly compare themselves to Raphael and Rembrandt, Homer, Horace, and Shakspeare. Nay, they go farther than this, and pretend to effect a complete revolution in art, in poetry, and in every branch of literature. The poet, for example, proclaiming that the great tragic writers of his country, Corneille and Racine, are *polissons et imbeciles*, endeavours to reform French verse by making the first words of each line rhyme instead of the last, or having a five-act play performed backwards—contending that you can only commence with *éclat* when you start with the catastrophe. The painter, on the pretence that the existing rules of art only fetter genius, determines to make rivers flow to the top of mountains, and trees grow with their roots upwards; or, an enthusiast of colour, he improves nature by making cows green and grass scarlet. As for the musician, devoutly convinced that the only way to make music move the human soul is to be real, he toils incessantly to find the means of producing the veritable shriek of the locomotive in an opera on railways, or the squeaking of pigs in an oratorio on the casting of the devils into the swine. Unfortunately for the Bohemians, the public have not taste to appreciate these audacious novelties; neither do they, generally speaking, show any great enthusiasm for the more modest efforts of the fraternity. But the Bohemians, neglectful of the simple maxim that "those who live to please, must please to live," persist in carrying out their singular ideas, and in treating with the lofty contempt



of fanaticism, the advice of those who feel that, whether right or wrong, the public taste should be consulted, and that universally accepted opinions should not be rudely shocked. This incompatibility of humour between Bohemians and public, naturally deprives the former of nearly all patronage and employment; and consequently their poverty, as a class, is extreme. Not even the luckiest of them knows what it is to be sure of a daily dinner for a month at a time; and there is, perhaps, not one who does not in his heart envy the fate of Boileau's hero, who

"crotté jusqu'à l'échine,  
S'en va chercher son pain de cuisine en cuisine;"

as he, though humiliated, *did* eat.

There are, however, some few Bohemians who do not, in the language of their fellows, refuse "to pander to the vile and hideous taste of barbarian *bourgeois*" by writing books, or painting pictures, of the kind the public can understand or appreciate. But these unfortunate gentlemen are generally in extreme poverty; and as we have the authority of Juvenal for the fact that the author requires to be well lodged and well fed in order to write well—an axiom equally true of the painter—it follows that, with the best will in the world, they cannot succeed in producing a book that a publisher will accept, an article to which a periodical will give insertion, or a painting worthy of admission to the Exhibition.

The true Bohemian has all the virtues and all the vices of the hard, griping, bitter poverty which is invariably his lot. All its virtue—for the poor fellow, charitable to a fault, be it said to his honour, will often give of the little he may have to those who have less—will unhesitatingly share his scanty meal with a *confrère*, or give it wholly to a beggar—and will sleep shivering on the cold boards of his garret to lend his bed and blanket to a neighbour in distress. All the vices of extreme poverty are his too—recklessness, extravagance, occasional dishonesty. Give him by chance a rouleau of five-franc pieces, and, though he may have been suffering the direst misery for months before, he will spend half of it in a splendid dinner, and the other half in a display of fireworks from his garret window. Talk to him of the necessity of having an eye to the future, and he will pish and pshaw, and swear that the future is a myth and a hoax, invented by humbugs to prevent people from enjoying the present. Tell him that the payment of debts is both prudent and honest, and he will stare at you with stupefaction—or, if speech should not fail him, will call you a shameful spendthrift for thinking of wasting money in such a way. Hint to him that it is scarcely respectable to 'do' tailors and bilk tavern-keepers, and borrow petty sums right and left, and sponge for a dinner, and he will look at you with pity and contempt, and perhaps go the length of calling you a *bourgeois*—an epithet which, in his opinion, is the climax of insult. Say that it is immoral to have a *grisette* sharing his garret, and absurd for a man who has to live on his wits to take on himself the burden of supporting another, and he will tell you, in the words of Hugo, "that life without love is like a rusty wheel, which creaks as it goes along."

Every country, from old Greece and Rome down to modern Europe, has had, or has still, its Bohemians—men struggling for distinction in literature and art, or having failed in the attempt, or being condemned, from ill-

luck or want of talent, not to rise beyond the very lowest *bas fonds* of them:—men to whom the pangs of hunger are familiar, and the proud man's contumely, and the rich man's scorn, are not unknown—who bear everything, however bitter, because their hearts are full of Hope; who endure more than martyrs, because they are victims of Illusion. Such men, we say, have always existed, and they will probably always exist. But it is in Paris alone that they form a sort of corporation, a select brotherhood, a body of freemasons, with peculiar customs, language, laws—in Paris alone, that instead of envying the happier portion of the world, they look on them with mingled compassion and disdain, and there alone that they support the heaviest blows of ill fortune with calm philosophy and light-hearted gaiety.

It is to this strange class, then, that our author introduces us; and his scenes of their way of living are full of vigour and *verve*, and bear the evident impress of truth. How these poor wretches talk, and think, and act; what schemes they concoct to secure a meal—schemes which, for profound cunning, would frequently put Machiavel himself to the blush; what 'artful dodges' they employ to baffle a creditor or victimise a tradesman; how they feast when they can feast, and starve when they can't help it; how they have a sort of community of goods, and clothes, and chattels; how they live with their *grisettes*; how sometimes they grow rich, and how, oftener alas! they die in the hospital—all are vividly recorded in this unpretending volume. The author himself must be, or have been, a Bohemian, or he could not have described these things so well. There is only one fault in his book—he is continually straining to be smart, or to express ordinary ideas in quaint language. Thus he calls gaiety "the water-crest of the soul;" he describes a man "as avaricious as an economic oven," another as "walking like a money-changer's counter," and so on. We know that all that sort of thing is considered *spirituel* by the *littérateurs*, and especially the Bohemians of *la grande ville*, but it is not true wit, and should be avoided.

*Social Statics; or, the Conditions Essential to Human Happiness specified, and the first of them Developed.* By Herbert Spencer. Chapman.

"WELL, Janet," said a Scotch minister, noted for preaching on the most abstruse points of Presbyterian doctrine, "how did you like my sermon last Sabbath?"

"Oh, sir! it was a grand discourse! I was greatly edified."

"But did you understand me, Janet?"

"Na, sir, I had na the presumption."

We are all like Janet. We listen to, and believe ourselves edified by, theories, explanations, and doctrines in ethics, in the science of mind, in social and political philosophy and economy, propounded to us on the authority of the most celebrated men; we adopt and reason from their opinions as fixed, indisputable landmarks in the domain of knowledge, and we have not the presumption to understand them, or examine them. How long did the philosophy of Aristotle rule the human mind? How long the doctrines of the Church of Rome? Or, descending to later and less visible instances of the power of mere authority and name in science, who has not laid up a considerable store of what he considers first principles in social and political economy,

axioms undeniable, painfully gathered from the writings of Rousseau, Montesquieu, Hume, Adam Smith, and a hundred other distinguished philosophers? Is he prepared to sweep all these fundamental principles and axioms, from which he has been reasoning all his life on social polity, entirely out of his mind, to examine them, to have the presumption to understand them, and at last to find them mere rubbish, without a particle of sound philosophy in their composition? If he is not, let him rest content in his ignorance, let him not study Mr. Spencer's work. It is the most eloquent, the most interesting, the most clearly expressed and logically reasoned work, with views the most original, that has appeared in the science of social polity. Proceeding synthetically from very simple postulates, to which the most cautious reader cannot refuse his assent, the author deduces from them, in a most strictly logical process of reasoning, conclusions the most startling and unexpected.

"The greatest happiness to the greatest number" is the Divine will. But what is the greatest happiness? The due satisfaction of all the desires. But what is a desire? The need for some species of sensation. But a sensation is producible only by the exercise of a faculty. Hence no desire can be satisfied but through the exercise of a faculty. But happiness consists in the due exercise of all the faculties. Now, if God wills man's happiness, and man's happiness can be obtained only by the exercise of all his faculties, then God wills that man should exercise his faculties; that is, it is man's duty to exercise his faculties, for duty means the fulfilment of the Divine will. But the fulfilment of this duty necessarily presupposes freedom of action; without it, he cannot fulfil God's will. God intended him to have it; that is, he has a right to it, a right to that liberty. But this is not the right of one, but of all. All must have rights to liberty of action; hence arises necessarily a limitation. The freedom of each must be bounded by the similar freedom of all. This limitation of the liberty of action in each, by the similar right in all, is regulated by the moral sense."

In this extract we have the ground-elements of our natural rights, of our moral restraints, and of our legal restraints upon the exercise of those rights. The author applies the elements or first principles of social statics, which he thus deduces from the Divine will, and the duties and rights established by it, to our social relations, and comes to results startling from the strict logical deduction of his conclusions from premises altogether incontrovertible. In Chapter IX., for instance, on 'The Right to the Use of the Earth,' he says:—

"Given, a race of beings having like claims to pursue the objects of their desires; given, a world adapted to the gratification of those desires—a world into which such beings are similarly born, and it unavoidably follows that they have equal rights to the use of this world. For if each of them has freedom to do all that he wills, provided he infringes not the equal freedom of any other, then each of them is free to use the earth for the satisfaction of his wants, provided he allows all others the same liberty. And, conversely, it is manifest that no one, or part of them, may use the earth in such a way as to prevent the rest from similarly using it, seeing that to do this, is to assume greater freedom than the rest, and, consequently, to break the (Divine) law. Equity, therefore, does not permit property in land. But to what does this doctrine, that men are equally entitled to the use of the earth, lead? Must we return to the times of uncultivated wilds, and subsist on roots, berries, and game? Or are we to be left to the management of Messrs. Fourier, Owen, Louis Blanc and Co? Neither. Such a doctrine is consistent



with the highest state of civilization, may be carried on without a community of goods, and need cause no very serious revolution in existing arrangements. The change required would simply be a change of landlords. Separate ownerships would merge in the joint-stock ownership of the public. Instead of being in the possession of individuals, the country would be held by the great corporate body—Society. Instead of leasing his acres from an isolated proprietor, the farmer would lease them from the nation. Instead of paying his rent to Sir John, or His Grace, he would pay it to an agent or a deputy agent of the community. Stewards would be public officials instead of private ones, and tenancy the only land tenure."

Now in all this speculation there is a monstrous fallacy. If "equity does not permit property in land," neither can it permit property in what is under the land—the useful metals, without which man could not exist in a civilized state—nor in what is upon the land, the grass, the growing crops—nor in the products of labour, because although the labour is the peculiar property of the individual-labourer, the subject to which his labour is applied belonged to the community, to his neighbours, not to him alone. No man could be a tenant, or a steward, with any more valid title than he could be a proprietor, in such a social state. It is the obvious flaw in all these theories of Socialism, Communism, united property in a common possession, that, carried out to their legitimate extent in reasoning on them, there could be no property at all, and, as M. Proudhon asserts, "all property would be robbery." But the desire for property is one of the strongest desires in human nature, one upon which, more than on any other, talents or faculties are exercised, and in the gratification of which the greatest happiness is attained, and any restriction on it would be at variance with our author's own first proposition—that "the greatest happiness to the greatest number" is the Divine will. This confusion of ideas arises from not distinguishing, as sources of human happiness, between the pursuit and the possession of property. The possession of land, or other property, in a social state in which all men had an equal share, would confer no happiness at all. It is the pursuit of property more than our neighbour possesses, that, by the exercise of all our faculties, responds best to the premises from which the author sets out—viz., that "the greatest happiness to the greatest number" is the Divine will, and the social state most in accordance with it. The chapters on the limit of state duty, on national education, on government colonization, on sanitary supervision, are particularly interesting, because they give practical views on those subjects, show the evil of government interference, and its state-interfering policy in matters which should be left to the management of the people themselves, and the conclusions are strictly deduced from undeniable premises, and are illustrated almost to excess by the most ingenious and entertaining references. It is not only a work full of original thoughts, but it is a model of strict logical reasoning, in which every step is synthetically deduced from certain principles first laid down and proved, and then conversely traced back to those principles by illustrations and examples from the actual state of society. Of a work so connected in its chain of reasoning, neither our limits nor justice to the author admit of an outline, or of extracts torn from their connexion with the main subject. It was remarked lately by the Duke of Argyle, in

his address to the youth at the Glasgow Athenæum, that an evil attending that peculiar characteristic of the literature of our age—the great merit and abundance of its periodical publications, is the habit it engenders of desultory superficial reading, the distaste for serious application of mind to the grave and fatiguing studies by which alone intellectual power and true knowledge can be attained, and the flimsy surface-information with which the reader of reviews and journals is apt to content himself. It cannot be denied that this is the tendency of the cultivation which the public mind is receiving. It is losing in depth what it is gaining in breadth. Few readers now, compared to the numbers in the last generation, will sit down to the study of a philosophical work on the abstract principles of our moral, intellectual, or social existence. The author of 'Social Statics' has made a successful attempt to overcome this tendency. Uninviting as the title and the first five or six chapters may appear, the raciness of the style, the close logical reasoning, and the richness of illustration, make this work one of the most attractive and entertaining, as well as the most instructive, to the reader who has not entirely surrendered his faculties to skimming and sipping in the lightest literature of the day.

#### SUMMARY.

*The Oration of Demosthenes on the Crown; edited, from the text of Baier and Sauppe, with English Notes, and Grammatical References.* By the Rev. Thomas Kerchever Arnold, M.A., Rector of Lyndon. 12mo. Rivingtons.

THIS edition of the 'Oration of Demosthenes,' like Mr. Arnold's other editions of the Greek and Roman writers, is taken from German authorities. In a recent number we expressed our regret that Mr. Arnold did not favour us with some original matter, instead of always having recourse to the stores of our German neighbours. At the same time, we are quite ready to bear our testimony to the utility of his editions. The one before us is compiled with accuracy and care, and may be used in schools with advantage to the pupils.

*The Classical Gazetteer. A Dictionary of Ancient Geography, Sacred and Profane.* By William Hazlitt. 8vo. Whittaker and Co.

WE hardly see the object of this compilation. It contains a very complete list of the names of ancient countries and places, but it gives no account of their history. Even the schoolboy requires more information on the subject than is given him in this work, while to the scholar it is too meagre to be of much use. A really good Dictionary of Ancient Geography is still a desideratum in our literature, but it must supply us with more than a barren list of names.

*A Grammar of General Geography, for the Use of Schools, with Maps and Engravings.* Revised by E. Hughes, F.R.G.S. Longmans.

THIS is a new and improved edition of the well-known 'Goldsmith's Geography,' agreeably with our present knowledge of the science. The physical geography of the great continents and of the globe has been added, and a useful vocabulary of proper names of places. The maps are clear and accurate, and the little pictures of the towns and people add much to the interest of this highly-valued standard school-book.

*Barnes' Notes on the Gospels. The Sunday School Teacher's Edition.* Green.

DOCTOR ALBERT BARNES has of late become one of the best known of the American theological writers. His 'Notes' upon the Books of Job and Isaiah are in the hands of every student, and of the various English reprints of his 'Notes' on the New Testament it is said that more than 150,000 copies have been sold. For this extraordinary popularity it is not difficult to account. Dr. Barnes has evidently been a close and attentive reader of the best Com-

mentators, and his 'Notes' are simply a careful digest or analysis of them. It is no reflection upon his writings to affirm that they contain very little original matter, because originality, either in ideas or criticism, was evidently not the object which he had in view. But he has collected, and given us in a clear and condensed form, the best opinions upon most of the difficult passages, and illustrated the meaning of the sacred text by numerous quotations from writers to whose works the ordinary student has not always the means of referring. As to the particular edition of Dr. Barnes' Commentary before us, its only merit consists in its unusually low price. The Editor, according to his own account, has done little more than correct a few errata in the marginal references, and furnish some very meagre notes, with a short preface to each Gospel, in which he has pointed out its principal features. But we cannot admit that the merits of the original work are much enhanced by these editorial addenda, and the foolish 'Advertisement' prefixed to this volume is not likely to recommend it to those who are unacquainted with the value of Barnes' writing. Still, with all its defects, it may prove a useful companion. It broaches no objectionable doctrines, and in addition to its expositions of difficult passages, affords some useful information respecting the geography of the Holy Land, and the manners and customs of the eastern nations.

*Gleanings for the New Year.* By Edmund Nugent, Esq. Hatchards.

THE name of this little volume would indicate that its materials are selected from larger fields of the author's composition. The nature and amount of further gleanings may depend on the reception of the present sample, which is made up of thirteen poetical pieces, and of one tale, entitled 'The Fatalist of the Drachenfels.' We will only say, that he who can write prose so well does not wisely spend his time in writing very inferior verses. If Mr. Nugent publishes more 'Gleanings,' we recommend him to give them in honest prose.

*Essay and Design for the Best and Most Economical Method of Building a Pair of Labourers' Cottages, with Three Rooms in each.* By Frederic Pollock Wright.

IN cottage building every county almost has its own model, building material, and cost, suitable to its own local wants and circumstances; and the County Reports to the Board of Agriculture give the best and most economical plans for each locality. We cannot agree with the author in recommending, as conditions in letting cottages, "no lodgers, no pigs, no poultry." The man who pays a fair rent for his dwelling is entitled to the fair use of it, and to lodge his pigs and poultry, as well as his family and friends, if he chooses.

*Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity. Book I.* Parker. THE present reprint of the First Book of Hooker's famous treatise was proposed by the Editor, a matter in a large public school, with the view of reading it with his boys. The book treats of laws in general, their various kinds, and the foundations on which their authority is based. Hooker himself says, commenting on a dictum of Aristotle on the subject, "That soundly to judge of laws is the weightiest thing that any man can take upon him, and such as none but the wiser and more judicious sort can perform." To direct towards this wise judgment, the present text-book will be a valuable guide. It may also have the advantage of leading some to an acquaintance with the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' than which there are few works more spoken about and less read.

*The Picture Gallery, comprising Portraits of Eminent Persons and Popular Illustrations.* Part I. Bentley. P. & D. Colnaghi & Co.

THIS new serial is good in design, it is well got up, and it is cheap;—but it lacks originality. We have had enough of Queen Elizabeths, and the other engravings, though good, are not new. The plan is one which we should be glad to see worked out, and if the publishers will take counsel from the above well-meant hints, they will doubtless have their reward.



1851; or, the Adventures of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys.  
Part II. Bogue.

WE are tempted to recall the attention of our readers to this seasonable instalment of fun and caricature, because, unlike many *ad captandum* periodicals of this kind, the wit is not all expended in the first number. In the double-plate illustration before us, George Cruikshank presents the curious with a graphic contrast between desolate Manchester and crowded London. In the first-named city the streets are utterly deserted, while all the shops are shut up and placarded with notices—'All gone to the Exhibition'—'Gone to the Grand Show'—'Return in a month,' &c. In London we have a bird's-eye view of Piccadilly, from Regent Circus, crowded with pedestrians, omnibuses, cabs, carriages, bands of music, &c. &c., a multitude of noise, bustle, and good humour, in which our facetious philanthropist has not forgotten to include a touching picture of the ill effects of 'the bottle.' The variety of character of all nations depicted in this motley crowd defies all our ingenuity to describe. Of the letter-press it would be premature to speak at present; we will only caution Mr. Mayhew not to exaggerate misfortune, or strive too much after novelty of incident. The scene of Mr. and Mrs. Sandboys' clamberings into a hammock suspended in a coal-cellar, just at the moment that a sack of coals is about to be discharged into it, savours far too much of the ridiculous.

*The Magician Priest of Avignon; or, Popery in the Thirteenth Century.* By T. H. Osborne. 2 vols. Partridge and Oakley.

THIS novelette is intended to convey a true and faithful picture of the social, political, and religious state of France under the brief but eventful reign of Louis the Eighth—the year 1226. It appears to be completely a *livre de circonstance*, by which, in the times of an old and long past stand against "Papal Rome," maintained by the inhabitants of the city of Avignon, we may view much that many will think the analogue of present tendencies. The hero, who is called by the name of Hermes on account of his almost supernatural powers, has for his prototype the celebrated chieftain of the Pastoureaux spoken of by Matthew Paris, who swayed the enthusiasm of his disciples by various pretended miracles, and was at length killed, at the instigation of the monks, by one of his own fellows, because one of his miracles failed. There seems to be no doubt of the existence of such a person, for several authorities refer to him as the "quidam clericus," and "le sorcier;" and Mr. Osborne tells us that in 1837, when visiting Avignon, and walking over the ruins of the old Papal palace, he fell into a hole and disabled his ankle, when his cicerone, an old man, helped him out, saying, "Ah, Monsieur, Dieu vous garde! vous avez tombé dans le trou du sorcier," which led him to investigate the old history of Avignon and the events of which this little book is the result. It is nicely written, and gives much that is interesting about the characters of the period, Blanche of Castille, Albertus Magnus, John of Paris, &c., avoiding the improbabilities of romance by the familiar acquaintance with the history of the period.

#### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Anderson's (W.) *The Mass*, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Arnold's *First Latin Book*, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 3s.  
Bohn's Classical Library: *Homer's Iliad*, English Prose, cloth, 5s.  
Bohn's Standard Library: *Neander's Church History*, Vol. 2, 3s. 6d.  
Bohn's Shilling Series: *Guizot's Monk*, 1s. 6d.  
Chambers's Papers, Vol. 7, 1s. 6d.  
Clarke's Commentary, 6 vols., royal 8vo, cloth, £3 3s.  
Coleridge's (Hartley) *Poems*, 2 vols., 12mo, cloth, 14s.  
Confessor; a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.  
D'Aubigne's *Reformation*, abridged, 18mo, 3s.  
Ellis's (Rev. W.) *Village Lectures on Popery*, 12mo, 3s. 6d.  
Farrand's (B.) *Man, Natural and Spiritual*, post 8vo, cl., 7s.  
Fernley Manor, by Mrs. Daniel, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.  
Fox's (Rev. H. W.) *Memoirs*, 3rd edition, post 8vo, cl., 7s. 6d.  
Gilbert's *Industrial Exhibition*, 2s. 6d.  
Gillies' (R. P.) *Memoirs of a Literary Veteran*, 3 vols. post 8vo, £1 11s. 6d.  
Goode's (Rev. F.) *Watchwords of Gospel Truth*, new edition, 12mo, cloth, 3s.  
Heygate's (Rev. W. E.) *Probatio Clerica*, second edition, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.  
Kling's *Chess Endings*, 8vo, cloth, 8s.  
Knight's *Cabinet Shakspeare*, Vol. 2, 18mo, 1s. 6d.

Lady Eva; Her Last Days, by the Hon. S. G. Osborne, 12mo, cloth, 4s.  
M'Climock's (Rev. L.) *Volume of Divinity*, 12mo, 4s.  
Muscutt's (E.) *History of the Church Laws in England*, 10s. 6d.  
Napier's War, Vol. 3, post 8vo, cloth, 10s.  
Nisbet's (J.) *Siege of Damascus*, 3 vols. post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.  
Notes and Essays, Archaeological, Historical, and Topographical, relating to Hants and Wilts, 12mo, cloth, 5s.  
Origines Parochiales Scotiæ, Vol. 1, 4to, cloth, £2 12s. 6d.  
Pepys' Diary, Vol. 3, cloth, 6s.  
Phoenix Library, selected by J. M. Morgan, 12mo, 2s. 6d.  
Rose Douglas, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 21s.  
Seymour's Roman Church, 12mo, cloth, 3s. 6d.  
Mornings among Jesuits, fourth edition, post 8vo, cloth, 4s.  
Skinner's Military Memoirs, 2 vols. post 8vo, cloth, 21s.  
Stephen's Book of Farm, Vol. 2, £1 13s., 2 vols., £3.  
Stocqueler's British Officer, 8vo, cloth, 15s.  
Taylor's (J. G.) *United States and Cuba*, post 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d.  
Trip to Mexico, 1849-50, by a Barrister, cloth, 9s.  
Walpole's George the Third, Vol. 3, post 8vo, cl., 10s. 6d.  
Wilmot's Boat Signals, third edition, 18mo, cloth, 6s.  
Wilson's (D.) *Archæology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland*, royal 8vo, cloth, 28s.  
Wilson on the Lord's Supper, 32mo, cloth, 2s.  
Wright's Narrative of Sorcery and Magic, 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.

#### JOANNA BAILLIE.

THE reputation of Joanna Baillie dates so far back, and is so mingled with the names of great men who have been lost to the world for years, that the announcement of her death this week, in the 89th year of her age, will, we doubt not, surprise many of our readers with the knowledge of the fact that she had so long survived her illustrious contemporaries. Born at the Manse of Bothwell in Lanarkshire, of which place her father was minister, in 1762, thirteen years after Goethe, and nine before Scott, she has outlived them both by nineteen years. The first series of her 'Plays on the Passions' had already established her fame, when Scott's genius first made itself felt in the 'Lay of the Last Minstrel;' and the lines in his 'Epistle to William Erskine,' which forms the Introduction to the third Canto of *Marmion*, while they mark the place which had been assigned to her by the critical opinion of her contemporaries, are such a tribute of homage as genius pays to powers which it reverences as superior to its own.

"Or, if to touch such chord be thine,  
Restore the ancient tragic line,  
And emulate the notes that rung  
From the wild harp, which silent hung  
By silver Avon's holy shore,  
Till twice an hundred years rolled o'er;  
When she, the bold Enchantress, came,  
With fearless hand and heart on flame!  
From the pale willow snatch'd the treasure,  
And swept it with a kindred measure,  
Till Avon's swans, while rung the grove  
With Montfort's hate and Basil's love,  
Awakening at the inspired strain,  
Deem'd their own Shakspeare lived again."

The excitement occasioned by Joanna Baillie's plays on their first production was very great. Nothing to compare with them had been produced since the great days of the English Drama; and the truth, vigour, variety, and dignity of the dramatic portraits in which they abound, might well justify an enthusiasm which a reader of the present day can scarcely be expected to feel. This enthusiasm was all the greater, when it became known that these remarkable works, which had been originally published anonymously, were from the pen of a woman still young, who had passed her life in domestic seclusion. Joanna Baillie intended her plays for the stage, and several of them have been acted. 'Basil' and 'De Montfort' were brought out in London, the latter supported by the genius of John Kemble and Mrs. Siddons. 'The Family Legend' was produced in Edinburgh in 1810, under the auspices of Sir Walter Scott, who interested himself for its success with all the generous ardour of his nature. He wrote a prologue for the occasion, while the author of the 'Man of Feeling' contributed an epilogue. The play ran for ten nights, but took no permanent hold of the stage. In later years, 'Henriquez' and 'Separation' were produced in London, the latter at Covent Garden, under Mr. Macready, with Miss Helen Faucit as the heroine; so that Joanna Baillie had in her own lifetime her pieces performed by the greatest representatives of the old and new schools of acting. None of the plays we have mentioned, nor of the

other plays, are, however, likely to be reproduced on the stage. A want of action and incident, and of skill in sustaining an increasing interest to the close, unfits them for an audience. They contain, it is true, as fine individual passages and scenes as are to be met with anywhere out of Shakspeare—passages and scenes, in which a great actor would find full scope for the exercise of his powers. But unhappily these occur only at intervals, and are not unfrequently succeeded by scenes unrelieved either by incident or passion. But as a mine of beautiful thoughts, always conveyed in clear and forcible language, and as furnishing a series of most interesting portraits and studies of character, these plays must always occupy a distinguished place in British literature. The high chivalrous tone and large generous spirit, which speaks out from them all, are doubly welcome at a time like the present, when sentimentalism too often usurps the place of sentiment, and manly strength is all but unknown among the writers of the day. Some of Joanna Baillie's Scotch songs are among the best in a literature whose strength lies in its songs. Only a Scotchman, perhaps, can appreciate to their full the racy vigour of her "Fie, let us a' to the wedding," or her "Woo'd, an' married, an' a'"; but had she written nothing else but these, and a few more which her readers will easily recall for themselves, her fame would have been secure. But it rests on a broader foundation, and in the catalogue of women who have left a written record of their greatness, she who designed the noble portraits of *Orin* and *Jane de Montfort* must ever rank among the first. The private life of such a woman is sacred in the thoughts of those to whom it was known. So much of it, as it is fitting the public should be acquainted with, will in due time, we doubt not, be made known. Its records will contain much to gratify and to instruct. How worthy she was of love and esteem, her own writings sufficiently prove; and how truly loved and esteemed she was, is apparent from those parts of her correspondence with Scott and others which have from time to time been made public. Living to an unusual term, and seeing the lights of the age, whose rise she had witnessed, decline and set one by one before her, how often must the thought have arisen within her of Wordsworth's beautiful lines!—

"While I, whose lids from infant slumbers,  
Were earlier raised, remain to hear  
A timid voice, that asks in whispers,  
'Who next shall drop and disappear?'"

And now she, too, the last of that great line of poets who have made the opening of the century famous, has departed—"ripe fruit seasonably gathered." "Though her fame," says *The Times*, "tended greatly to draw her into society, her life was passed in retirement. It was pure and moral in the highest degree, and was characterised by the most consummate integrity, kindness, and active benevolence. She was an instance that poetical genius of a high order may be united to a mind well regulated, able and willing to execute the ordinary duties of life in an exemplary manner. Gentle and unassuming to all, with an unchangeable simplicity of manner and of character, she counted many of the most celebrated for talent and genius among her friends; nor were those who resorted to her modest home confined to the natives of this country, but many from various parts of Europe, and especially from America, sought introductions to one whose fame is commensurate with a knowledge of English literature."

#### MR. MACREADY.

ON Wednesday evening, an audience, which filled Drury Lane from floor to ceiling, assembled to witness the last performance of Mr. Macready. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm upon the occasion, and that the actor must have been deeply moved by such a tribute of admiration and respect is not to be doubted. But those who expected something of the glow, which such tributes usually elicit from the person on whom they are bestowed, must have been sorely disappointed, for Mr. Macready's farewell address was the most cold and formal of which, under similar circumstances, the annals of the stage bear record. It was as follows:—



"My last theatrical part is played, and, in accordance with long-established usage, I appear once more before you. Even if I were without precedent for the discharge of this act of duty, it is one which my own feelings would irresistibly urge upon me; for, as I look back on my long professional career, I see in it but one continuous record of indulgence and support extended to me, cheering me in my onward progress, and upholding me in most trying emergencies. I have therefore been desirous of offering you my parting acknowledgments for the partial kindness with which my humble efforts have uniformly been received, and for a life made happier by your favour. The distance of five-and-thirty years has not dimmed my recollection of the encouragement which gave fresh impulse to the inexperienced essays of my youth, and stimulated me to perseverance when struggling hardly for equality of position with the genius and talent of those artists whose superior excellence I ungrudgingly admitted, admired, and honoured. That encouragement helped to place me, in respect to privileges and emolument, on a footing with my distinguished competitors. With the growth of time your favour seemed to grow; and, undisturbed in my hold on your opinion, from year to year I found friends more closely and thickly clustering around me. All I can advance to testify how justly I have appreciated the patronage thus liberally awarded me is the devotion throughout those years of my best energies to your service. My ambition to establish a theatre, in regard to decorum and taste, worthy of our country, and to leave in it the plays of our divine Shakspeare fitly illustrated, was frustrated by those whose duty it was, in virtue of the trust committed to them, themselves to have undertaken the task. But some good seed has yet been sown; and in the zeal and creditable productions of certain of our present managers we have assurance that the corrupt editions and unseemly presentations of past days will never be restored, but that the purity of our great poet's text will henceforward be held on our English stage in the reverence it ever should command. I have little more to say. By some the relation of an actor to his audience is considered slight and transient. I do not feel it so. The repeated manifestation, under circumstances personally affecting me, of your favourable sentiments towards me, will live with life among my most grateful memories; and, because I would not willingly abate one jot in your esteem, I retire with the belief of yet unfulfilled powers, rather than linger on the scene, to set in contrast the feeble style of age with the more vigorous exertions of my better years. Words—at least such as I can command—are ineffectual to convey my thanks. In offering them, you will believe I feel far more than I give utterance to. With sentiments of the deepest gratitude I take my leave, bidding you, ladies and gentlemen, in my professional capacity, with regret and most respectfully, farewell."

Mr. Macready's retirement from the stage will leave a great void. In grasp of conception, and force of execution, he has long been without a rival among male performers; and there are at present no signs of kindred power rising above the horizon. His cultivated and active intellect, and resolute energy, gave a force and unity to all his delineations. A vivid conception, not unfrequently questionable for its truth, but always clearly marked, was the conspicuous characteristic of his performances, and a long experience in his art had given him the mastery of all its resources. He was always thoroughly in earnest, neither handling his own work carelessly, nor allowing those about him to do so. And in this he set an example to his brothers and sisters in the art which they would do well to follow, not merely for the sake of their art, but for their own interests. It is to this conscientious habit of always doing his best, rather than to the possession of genius in its strict sense, that we attribute Mr. Macready's rise in his profession. The primary requisite of an actor of the first class,—the power of merging himself in the character assumed,—has always appeared to us to be wanting in him. No matter whether it was *Richieu*, *Virginius*, *King Lear*, or *Mr. Oakley*, Mr. Macready, with all his mannerisms and peculiarities, was always prominently before us. The demon, by which all genius, whether in painting, poetry, or acting, is at times possessed, at no time seemed to sweep him away upon the wings of inspiration. Impressive, picturesque, passionate, and tender he could be, but never in the highest degree. The man was ever master of his emotion; the actor, who had studied and set the limits to every phase of passion and feeling, was ever present. We missed the momentary flashes, the unconscious suggestions of a nature subdued for the time to the very circumstances of the scene. Talent of a very high order kept the mind and fancy engaged, but rarely indeed was the heart dilated or subdued by the electric thrill of overmastering sympathy. Above all, Mr. Macready has always appeared to us deficient in two things which are essential in the

ideal, and especially in the Shakspearian drama—dignity of style, and chivalrous courtesy towards women. His heroes never rose to grandeur, and his love seemed rather that of a man who, while he sues, feels that he is conferring a favour, than the reverent devotion of the heart in which self is forgotten. Where the woman's dependance upon him for support awakened a flattering pride, his tenderness was often beautiful and thrilling; but we can remember no other instance when his deportment to the female characters of the play spoke of that graceful and involuntary homage, which at all times is fitting, but which in the poetical drama is indispensable. While, therefore, we think that the claim to the highest rank of histrionic power, which has been set up for Mr. Macready, will not bear the test of rigid criticism, we at the same time feel strongly, that in losing him the stage loses one to whom it owes much, and who has, during its later years of comparative eclipse, helped to keep alive the taste for that higher drama which is its saving grace. Let us hope, however, that the day is not far distant when worthy successors may arise.

#### VARIETIES.

*The Opera Season.*—The programme of Her Majesty's Theatre is full of promise, and the *troupe* appears to be stronger and more likely to prove attractive than that of last season; though we regret to see that Belletti, the most efficient of the light baritones, is not engaged. Amongst the singers we have the charming songstress Sontag, then Alboni, who is announced to sing a new opera, composed for her *specialité* by Auber, Caroline Duprez, who is to sing with her father, the renowned tenor, and Madame Fiorentini, who will give great interest to the opening of the house in Auber's *Gustavus*. A Mdle. Alaymo, who brings "a sensation in Italy" with her, is expected to create the like here—*nous verrons*. "The best founded hopes" that Meyerbeer will come and bring with him the best of his *Camp de Silesie* are expressed: we trust these will not prove to be the fallacies of hope. The new opera, by Thalberg, to Scribe's libretto, will be a success, if it prove anything like his pianoforte works, because it will be sure to have a long run.

*The Royal Italian Opera.*—Nothing official has yet appeared respecting the rival house, though gossip speaks of the activity of the *entrepreneur* in St. Petersburg, where his chief ally, Mario, is singing, and that the house will open in May, with performances every night, and a season more brilliant than ever is looked forward to.

*Oratorio of David.*—Mr. Horsley's oratorio, performed for the first time in London on Monday last, is a meritorious work, though not evidencing any very distinctive marks of genius. It has a great deal of the melody and gracefully flowing accompaniment of the Mendelssohn school, with much excellent writing, but it would be improved by curtailment. Of all the accomplishments of author or artist, the most difficult of acquirement is the virtue of suppression. Many of the choruses are too long, and the beauty of the opening movement is weakened by repetition. There is a charm in unity of idea, but it should be preserved in the midst of variation. There is much promise of a more perfect work, and Mr. Horsley will do well to study concentration of feeling and point. The Second Part is decidedly an improvement on the First. The opening march is very good; the chorus, 'The Lord is a God of Judgment,' is a sweetly flowing melody; and a Trio and Quartette are elegant compositions. The most effective chorus in the First Part is the concluding, 'Praise ye the Lord.' On the whole, this oratorio, though of unequal merit, may be regarded as a worthy effort of an English composer in the highest department of descriptive music.

*Mr. Love's Ventriloquism.*—The unsophisticated visitors to the metropolis might imagine that the huge placards, with the attractive words, "Love's Entertainments," had reference to some feast of sentiment and flow of soul; it is not, however, the tricks of the mischievous little blind god that make the sport,

but deceptions equally bewildering, that while away the reason, said to come from a region a little lower than the heart. However conjured up, by what torturings of voice or illusions of ear, they are truly entertaining, amusing, and harmless,—which is often more than can be said of other Love's entertainments.

*The Marble Arch.*—Great efforts are being made to get this ornamental gateway finished in its new situation, at the Oxford Street entrance to Hyde Park; the workmen are kept employed till late hours and by gaslight, the gates have been fixed, and it is expected the whole structure will be completed very shortly. Whether the site chosen is the best we will not pronounce; it is certainly a good place for it, and better in many respects than its former locality.

*The Passport System.*—The fee on Foreign Office passports is to be reduced to 7s. 6d., and they are now attainable by all who are personally known to the foreign secretary or recommended to him, or on the application of a London banking firm. This seems to be only a partial relief from the inconvenience, while the restriction of free passports to bankers and the friends of the foreign secretary is an injustice to the whole class of professions whose members form chartered bodies, to belong to which should be a sufficient guarantee for demanding the protection of the Government while travelling abroad.

*Printing by Water-power.*—A daily paper is printed in Boston, U.S., by a machine moved by a stream of Chochituate water, introduced into a meter of only twenty-four inches square; the fall is about 100 feet, and gives a motive force equal to three horse power, requiring no attendance, and always ready.

*Chinese Library.*—The proceeds of the sale of a library of Chinese books applied for in Chancery the other day by Mr. Waley, before Sir K. Bruce, were not from the sale of the books of the well-known Chinese scholar, but from those of a relative, the Hon. J. R. Morrison, who also bequeathed his library to University College, where the Morrison Collection is. This new legacy has unfortunately been sold by the administrator in Hong Kong, in ignorance of the Hon. J. R. Morrison's will.

*The National Gallery.*—Three new trustees have lately been appointed,—Lord Overstone, Mr. Thomas Baring, and Mr. William Russell. Let us hope that this infusion of new blood into the system, which has been for some time flagging, will lead to some efforts towards forming a gallery that will deserve the name of 'national.'

*The British Museum.*—The enclosure is now going on. A granite curb about three feet high above the pavement is being erected, on brick foundations, large and deep. The piers for the central gates will be very massive, and so will be the iron scroll-work that will form the inclosure. Our readers know that statues are to surmount some of the piers. The scaffolding has been put up for raising the sculpture which is prepared for the tympanum of the portico, so that gradually we may hope to get some life into the exterior of the building. The decoration of the new western galleries (by Mr. Collman, under Mr. Smirke) is now nearly completed, ready for the reception of the Assyrian antiquities, which are at present just as much buried as if Layard had never lived.—*The Builder*.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

*Monday.*—Entomological, 8 p.m.—Chemical, 8 p.m.  
*Tuesday.*—Linnæan, 8 p.m.—Horticultural, 3 p.m.—Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—Pathological, 8 p.m.  
*Wednesday.*—Society of Arts, 8 p.m.  
*Thursday.*—Zoological, 3 p.m.—Royal, 8½ p.m.—Astronomical, 8 p.m.  
*Friday.*—Royal Institution, 8½ p.m.—(Sir R. I. Murchison on the Changes of the Alps.)—Botanical, 8 p.m.—Philosophical, 8 p.m.  
*Saturday.*—Medical, 8 p.m.—Royal Botanic, 3½ p.m.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Our concluding notice of Major Edwards's 'Year on the Punjab Frontier' is unavoidably postponed until next week. Delta's communication is ingenious, but not of sufficient literary interest.



**BRITISH INSTITUTION, PALL MALL.**—The GALLERY for the EXHIBITION and SALE of the WORKS of BRITISH ARTISTS, is OPEN DAILY, from Ten till Five. Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 1s.  
GEORGE NICOL, Secretary.

**NEW DIORAMA.—GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION, 14, Regent Street.**—OUR NATIVE LAND, or England and the Seasons. 2 and 7 o'clock daily. Admission 1s.; stalls, 2s. 6d.; reserved seats, 3s.

**ART-UNION OF LONDON.**—In consequence of numerous inquiries, the Council think it necessary to state that the pair of Prints, "The Smile and the Frown," may be had for a subscription of the current year, with a series of outlines, and a chance in the distribution of obtaining the right to select a work of Art.  
444, West Strand, Feb. 20, 1851.  
GEORGE GODWIN, } Honorary  
LEWIS POCKOCK, } Secretaries.

**THE HIPPOPOTAMUS,** presented to the Zoological Society by H.H. the Viceroy of Egypt, is EXHIBITED daily at their Gardens, in the Regent's Park, from 11 to 4 o'clock. Visitors desirous of seeing the animal in the water are recommended to go early. Admission, 1s.; on Mondays, 6d.

**EXHIBITION OFFICIAL CATALOGUES.**—PARTIES who wish their Advertisements to be classified under any of the following heads, are requested to send them to the Office immediately:—  
1. Literature and the Fine Arts.  
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3. Agricultural Machines and Implements.  
4. Insurance Offices.  
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Age at entrance.	Duration of Policies.	Sums Assured.	Annual Premium.	Addition to Sum Assured.
24	7 yrs. 1 mo.	£2000	£47 1 8	£237 18 4
30	7	5000	133 10 10	572 8 10
31	6	1000	23 2 6	113 0 4
43	6	5000	233 15 0	566 13 10
43	6	3000	110 10 0	307 15 4
33	6	500	14 5 5	52 11 6
33	6	5000	115 12 6	556 4 9

These additions, if compared with the premiums paid, will be found to range as high as 60 per cent. upon them.  
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The following is a specimen of the Bonuses declared at the first septennial investigation up to the 2nd July, 1847:—

Age when Assured.	Sum Assured.	Premiums Paid.	Bonus added.	Per centage on Premiums paid.
		Number.	Amount.	
15	£ 3000	6	£ 315 0 0	164 16 8
25	5000	7	775 16 8	347 13 4
35	2500	6	431 17 6	183 18 0
45	2000	6	464 0 0	172 6 7

Annual Premium required for the Assurance of £100, for the whole term of life:—

Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.	Age.	Without Profits.	With Profits.
15	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	40	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
20	1 11 0	1 15 0	50	4 0 9	4 10 7
30	2 4 0	2 10 4	60	6 1 0	6 7 4

ROBERT TUCKER, Secretary.

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Age.	Half premium for seven years.	Whole premium after seven years.
30	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
40	1 1 9	2 3 6
50	1 9 2	2 18 4
60	2 2 6	4 5 0
	3 6 8	6 13 4

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25	30	35	40	45
£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
1 16 3	2 1 5	2 7 8	2 15 7	3 6 0

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Age next birth-day.	A MALE.	A FEMALE.	Age next birth-day.	A MALE.	A FEMALE.
	Whole Life Premiums.			Whole Life Premiums.	
10	£ s. d.	£ s. d.	46	£ s. d.	£ s. d.
11	1 7 6	1 5 4	47	3 11 6	3 3 2
13	1 9 3	1 7 0	50	4 1 9	3 13 3
16	1 11 3	1 8 10	53	4 11 6	4 2 6
20	1 14 4	1 11 6	56	5 4 0	4 14 0
23	1 17 0	1 13 8	60	6 6 0	5 12 6
26	2 0 3	1 16 2	63	7 4 0	6 9 6
30	2 5 0	1 19 9	66	8 4 0	7 10 8
33	2 8 6	2 2 10	70	10 0 4	9 7 6
36	2 13 0	2 6 4	73	11 16 2	11 2 6
40	2 19 9	2 12 0	76		13 1 9
43	3 5 3	2 17 2	80		15 12 10

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